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CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

# Maclean's

NOVEMBER 9, 1981

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## EDITORIAL

# They shoot iron horses too, don't they? Dief would not approve

By Peter C. Newman

**P**lenty of sound economic reasons justify Jean-Luc Pepin's proposed reductions in rail facilities. Yet the vehemence of the protests against the Via cutbacks (page 40) attests to something more fundamental: the curious mystique that surrounds train travel in this country, particularly the huffing "iron civilizers" that first opened up the West.

It was never an ideal way to travel. The steam locomotive was little more than a glorified "polluting" machine, spewing mounds of cinders and billows of soot smoke in its wake. Most of the railway stations that once accommodated the great trains have been turned into museums or trendy restaurants. In only one instance has the quaintness of steam been preserved: Ottawa's once-proud Union Station has become a permanent centre for federal-provincial conferences.

We still have more track per capita than any other country and the hold of the railway on the Canadian imagination persists. Pierre Berton's epic history of the CPR permanently elevated the transcontinental ribbons of steel to a mandatory bond of national unity.

My own memories of train travel are much less grand and much more specific, involving John Diefenbaker's magic whistle-stop tour during the 1965 elec-

tion. It was the last campaign fought from the back of a railway car. We jolted into tiny Prairie towns such as Watrous, Morse, Wadena, Mottelack, Stettler, Taber and Nanton, with the Conservative leader delivering a brief harangue at each stop. Pulling into Stettler, Alta., I spotted some raggedy kids holding up a crayon-lettered sign that read: **STOP POW GRIPS!** At Morse, a sextet of railway workers surrounded the PC leader with a waving version of *The Thunderer* and none of us could file a story because the telegraph operator was playing the drums.

The press car was filled with the click of typewriters, the tinkle of glasses, the slap of dog-eared cards. Because Diefenbaker's partisan thunder varied little from stop to stop, the reporting function became one of counting crowds—except in Quebec. At a loosely switching station called Matapédia, only five off-duty trainmen and three stray dogs turned out to see the Chief. (Eventually, the PC strategists caught on and loaded one railway car with supporters who got off at every stop to help fatten the crowds—then climbed back on for their next gig.)

These trains are gone, and the danger now is that, unlike the dead Chief, politicians no longer care to touch the earth. They have not just tampered with an essential myth but have severed their fragile link with real people.



## Maclean's

November 9, 1991

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## The last chance

Your cover article *Rich Versus Poor: Our Last Chance* (Oct. 26) outlines well the problems facing the world's poor. You show how we, the rich nations, are in part responsible for the poor's plight and that we must act to solve the gross inequality. Nothing, however, so eloquently exposes the calloused and cowardly attitude of rich nations than the advertising-fueled advertising-lustreless cars that feature your photographs of starving Senegalese children. The money spent for one of these elegant vehicles would feed every child in the photograph for 30 years. This is black humor at its finest.

—STIGELA VOLPE  
Ottawa

I was very impressed with your complete coverage of not only the Canadian conference, but also of the entire world hunger situation. The only way that this persistent problem can end is if there is a general will from the public. It is articles such as yours that will eventually educate the rich North and bring them to the truth: hunger must end for all time. We must all, as individuals, admit that it is unacceptable that 22 people die every minute of every day from starvation.

—GREGG ABOUDIA  
Cambridge, Ont.

I found your coverage highly enlightening with regard to North American attitudes toward Third World problems. The Reagan administration's



Pick up, poor: the cars were too eloquent

claim that "good old American free enterprise" is a solution to our world's starvation is pathetic. The fact that the Volcan Chemical Corp. was making \$45 million a year selling the developing world pesticides that had been taken off the market in the U.S. is yet worse. However, the placement of what must be the most expensive advertising layout in this issue takes the proverbial cake!

—PAUL ALLAN  
Waterloo, Ont.

## Inhibiting the helping hands

In your important article in the Canadian Foundation for Refugees (Follow-up, Oct. 26) you point out that the CPR has yet to demonstrate a clear

reason for being" and that its original based favouring funding it and distributing the assets. That diagnosis and prescription was and remains valid. The CPR is an artificial creation. Its existence is detrimental to the scores of community-based organizations that have struggled for years to assist refugees and immigrants. And the fact that the CPR has, for two years, held more than \$500,000 without spending it reflects the perverse tendency of government to control rather than to facilitate, is evident rather than help.

—DEAN MURPHY,  
Past President, Ottawa-Carleton  
Immigrant Services, Ottawa

## Paperback buyer

We will see Prince's *Symbolic Season* (Conte, Oct. 31) arrive fall, when season's books are out in paperback and the public can afford to buy them.

—RICHARD W. RAY  
Edmonton

## Where eagles and beavers soar

Thank you for your editorial (Oct. 26). Hopefully, Canadians will be strong in their resolve to stand firm against the intensified threat of the Reagan administration's fight against Canadian sovereignty. It is not only a national responsibility that we be in charge of our own economy but a moral one. It will be hard work to get the American eagle off our back, but the alternative is made clear with every Reagan pronouncement.

—BARRY REAGAN  
Des Moines, Ont.

## PASSAGES



**1940:** Pioneered film costume designer **Edith Head**, 73, of a rare breed. In Hollywood, Calif. The eight-time Oscar winner from the mighty town of South-  
21 long, Nev., began her career as a sketch artist with Paramount Studios during the Depression. Her first major assignment—designing gowns for *Mae West* in *She Done Her Wrong*—came in 1933. Her last film—a **Steve Martin** comedy—was completed weeks before her death. Known as the First Lady of Hollywood Fashion, Head wrote in her 1993 autobiography "All I need is a script about a girl who isn't poor and doesn't hate clothes."

**1918:** British engineer and longtime anti-fascist activist **Hassan Nasrallah**, 40, as governor of Iran, by a Majlis (parliament) vote of 115 to 30. Elected last May, Akbar Velayati, president Ali Khamenei's first choice, was rejected. Nasrallah becomes the 57th president in the Islamic regime, replacing **Mohammad Khatami**, who died in an air film his predecessor was killed in a bomb attack last August.



**1977:** Acquitted **Bob Astley**, 36, former top aide to deposed Ugandan dictator **Idi Amin**, of the 1977 murder of a young fisherman, by a Kampala high court justice. The English-born Astley was returned to Britain. Prison, outside Kampala, where he has been held for 3½ years under a detention order that applies to all who arrived Amin. Police suspect he may face further charges.

**1926:** Pulitzer Prize-winning author **Ariel Durant**, 83, in her Hollywood Hills, Calif., home. Durant is survived by her husband, **Will**, 86, with whom she wrote the highly acclaimed 11-vo-

lume historical series, *The Story of Civilization: Part 10, Nations and Revolutions*, was then the Pulitzer Prize in Literature in 1968.

**1978:** Canadian missionary **Rev. Ross Firth**, 58, by an unknown gunman, while conducting a prayer meeting in Tha-Thaika, a remote village 218 km north of Bangkok, Thailand. The Cambridge, Ont., native, attached to the Overseas Missionary Fellowship, had lived with his family in Thailand for eight years.



**1972:** Elected, former US ambassador, congressman and civil rights leader **Andrew Young**, 48, as mayor of Atlanta. Young, somewhat defused white Baptist and **Sidney Barakat**, 40, succeeded **Maynard Jackson**, the city's first black mayor, who had been in office for eight years and was barred by law from seeking a third term.



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## Guilt in the eyes of the court

Your article *A New Era for the Courtroom* (Cover, Oct. 12) refers to the federal appointment of judges "in both the federal and provincial court systems down to all but the lowest levels. Only magistrates and the like are hired by provincial governments." There are different, not lower levels of courts, and different only in function, not importance. Judges of provincial courts are appointed by provincial governments. There are no magistrates in Canada, and virtually all provincial court judges are legally trained. While the provincial court does not deal with large awards of money or academic questions of law, it does deal with important matters such as the freedom of the individual, the punishment of criminals and the rights of the family. It is the only court that 99 per cent of Canadians ever see. —JUDITH KANIGAR, BICE



Peter Lougheed, attorney, not lawyer

manufactured. And the statistics about Peter Lougheed being an effective leader are misleading and absolutely irrelevant. Ask Ontarians if they would vote for Lougheed. Joe Clark, for all his faults, is the man who has done and can do the most for his party.

—STEFAN GURMAN  
Toronto

## A lonely but loud voice

It is true that Joe Clark does not have many personal supporters, but the ones he has are the only intelligent people left in Canada. I am surprised that Peter Newman would stoop to enter so lowly and use catchy "Joe We" and "Joe Wee" phrases (Editorial, Oct. 19). His editorial was a biased distillation of ignorance and stupidity in equal doses. Thomas Mahoney is the resurrecting the horse after the glue has been

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## Mystery seats

Your article on the Nova Scotia election (Canada, Oct. 12) struck me as odd personal reporting. John Buchanan's Tories won a landslide majority, Sandy Carroll's Liberals remain the official opposition, but Alexa McDonough of the NFP, who has her party's only seat, finds herself the beneficiary of what amounts to a full-page hymn of admiration for her "feminine and sparkling" character. You also tell us there are 52 seats in the Nova Scotia legislature and report that the Tories won 32, the Liberals 15, NFP 1 and one independent. That adds up to 54. What's the first?

—STEPHEN GREENE  
Kingston, Ont.  
Official standing on the 52 seat legislature is PC 37, Lib 15, NFP 1, Ind. 1

## Building amid the cobwebs

How an editor of a national news magazine can support the obscurity of provincial premiers who oppose the patriation of the constitution with a bill of rights worked out by an all-party committee and an amending process is once agreed to by all is beyond my understanding (Editorial, Oct. 12). What I miss in this whole controversy is the recognition that all this is nothing new. Sir John A. Macdonald would have understood Trudeau's position and would have applauded his determination to preserve the confederal principle of one Canada. —BOB WIGMORE  
Regina, Ont.

## Of the same flock

Your reviewer (Telegraph, Oct. 12) writes that with the rise of Hitler "Many Jews and some Christians (for the Reich was anti-Catholic as well as anti-Semitic) fled their homeland." This seems like another of the media's countless attempts to denigrate the Christians who are not Roman Catholics by equating Christianity with evil (heaven). —HAROLD SANGLAY  
Edmonton

## The Canadian way

It may be a little premature to assume that Canadian literature has finally come of age if your cover story (Oct. 6) is any indication. After 30 years of floating Creek it we're still adolescently self-conscious about it. In your four-page article the words "Canada," "Canadian" and "Canadiana" appear no fewer than 67 times. Only when we speak of writers, not Canadian writers, will we have a truly mature literature. —MARY WYCK  
North Vancouver, B.C.

## A gift of the gifted

Our students and staff appreciate your efforts to emphasize the importance of programs that address the needs of the gifted and talented (Education, Oct. 19). However, I must correct an impression that the article gave. The fact that students leave their local schools to follow a specialized program in no way denigrates the efforts of their former teachers and principals. The majority of children who are in our school are here precisely because their former schools recognized their potential and recommended them to us.

—NEIL P. JOHNSON  
Principal,  
Claude Watson School for the Arts,  
Whitby, Ont.

## Sitting snugly on rye

In your Podium article (Oct. 12) Harry Bruce speaks well about the frustrations of his fellow Canadians as the loss of the Atlantic cross. Central Canada has for generations sat snugly enjoying the bounty from both sides, unmoved and largely unconnected about the bonedoes outside its borders. I'm reminded of a game we once played called Sadflock, where the person as the riddle would be carefully snuggled up, then on a signal the sides would come together and squeeze the stuffing out of the centre.

—C.E. FRASER  
Kings County, N.S.

Letters are edited and may be condensed.  
Writers should supply name, address and telephone number. Mail correspondence to: Letters to the Editor, Maclean's magazine, 445 University Ave., Toronto, Ont. M5W 1A7

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# A tongue-lashing for deaf ears

*'Noting invasion of public areas by yahoos is nearing epidemic proportions'*

By Wendy Dennis

The last time I went to the movies and got stuck beside a motor-mouthed clown, it was an uneasy resemblance to his show me. I moved, like Peter Finch in *Network*, that I was mad as hell and I wasn't going to take it anymore. That night I dreamt that my own rage-twisted face was projected in cinematic grandeur on the screen, while my Charlton Heston voice boomed hideous warnings in Dolby sound at the back of my seat. No longer would I stride serenely and address the animal crowd. I had to follow the plot without a Howard Cosell play-by-play, no longer would I stand miserably by while some playfully-dressed prefect with a flashlight solemnly scolded the buffoon on my right to please stop bawling through the love scenes. It was time to retaliate.

I considered my options carefully. I thought of Nancy Reagan, who reportedly sleeps with "a tiny little gun" beside her bed, and had to admit that her solution, like the First Lady herself, possessed a certain clean elegance. But I didn't require a lethal weapon. A container of tear gas maybe? Or a branding iron? Perhaps one of those guns they use to stun cattle before transforming them into the next little omelette package you find under the red lights at supermarkets. I liked the poetic justice of that. But the beast and evil force of those scrubbed showboys threaten inevitably like an usher to deposit him under the marquee, where he would symbolize the long-overdue result of the Silent Movie Majority.

Noting invasion of public space by yahoos is hardly a new problem, but, unless my experience has been atypical, it seems to be nearing epidemic proportions. And the brutes are brazening out. No longer content merely to destroy the sweet holy silence of the movie house, like noisy maladjusted oafs, they're now everywhere—and they're out for blood. I see them on subway platforms, where their insouciantly gruffed rufian faces descended stairs to other passengers' faces but never seem to reach the offenders from their nonsensical stogies. I've pulled up beside roaring packs of them at red lights, where they stare like zombies, obliquely aware that the deathful beam of their tape decks is preannouncing society attacks in passers-by fur riles. I've come face to face with them, as close to home as a marketplace. At Algonquin Park and at far away as a well-washed beach in Maui, recently I've even encountered them at five distance. All of which convinces me there's something awry in the land.

But to blame it entirely on a lapse in good manners is, I think, to miss the whole point. It has to do with something much larger and scarier than rudeness. What brought it all

home to me was an incident that occurred in a Grade 12 English class I was teaching a few years ago. While we discussed a movie everyone had seen, I saw a wonderful opportunity to interject a few comments about my pet obsession—the invasion of movies by yahoos. Before I could articulate, one of the boys said, "I know just what you're going to say and it bugs me too." Delighted I'd been catching to the converted I tried to continue, but he interrupted me again. "It really bugs me when I go to the movies with my friends and they're bawling around and some jerk turns around and asks us to be quiet." When my bemused reaction had melted into a whispering whine, I was struck by an overwhelming sadness—the kind of sadness one feels when a familiar touchstone has been lost. Here was someone I knew to be quite normal, sometimes even thoughtful, explaining how people who requested quiet in movies constituted an invasion of his rights. There was no doubt about it—something was certainly rotten.

I blame television. Though TV is a convenient whipping boy, what else could have so warped that boy's perception of what a movie ought to be? Like the tube he watches on for company the moment he gets home, the movie screen is just supposed to be there—40 to 50 worth of objective background noise for his performance. Add to that insoucious other a healthy dose of egotism. After, and you begin to understand the value system of the radio-schleppers too. If they travel an hermatically

sealed vacuum-packed capsule of indifference, so must everyone else. Sadly then, all the reliable approaches to solving such a problem, including the offenders to question down, no longer work. What's worse, it has been my experience that any approach tends to evoke obscene remarks or the verbal equivalent of two legs and a shoe. Perhaps soon the benevolent revolution will keep them safely locked up and they will venture into the public domain only apologetically to cart away armloads of tapes from the corner video outlet. Until then, however, this travesty demands a little complaining from the rest of us.

Now I've never been one to shrink a struggle, but I'll admit this one is getting me down. I'm weary of paying to see a film and getting a mumble instead. I'm tired of cowardly theatre managers who won't throw the bums out. But rest of all I'm sick of this rabid Canadian disease of deferential politeness—even to nonbelievers who deserve nothing better than to have their eyes burned out with projector bulbs. I figure we've got one chance only. If, in a few short years, the moviegoers could make us feel like saintly lepers for lighting up in public, maybe we can do the same to the noise polluters. Is anybody out there listening?

Wendy Dennis is a Toronto free-lance writer.



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DATELINE: FRANCE

## The clock winds down on a legend

*Though the French Foreign Legion still cherishes its tradition, the corps' glory fades*

By Marc McDermott

**T**he green iron gates are swung open in an embrace that seems all too benign. Beyond, however, lies proven beneath the Mediterranean glare with the oblique manor worthy of a two-page spread in some gardening glossy. To the casual passer-by happening on this grassy plateau above the industrial suburbs of Antibes, 30-kilometer east of the Mediterranean port city of Marseille, the architecture of the placid white pavilion might call to mind some cross between rest home and resort, not a century and a half of blood and legend. Still, it is the blood and legend that come for The blood and legend and the sweet deal that remains so timelessly simple as it is enigmatic: all a man has to do is check his past at the door, or on the far side of the green iron gates, and the French Foreign Legion will forge a new life for him.

New names are dispensed with the standard-issue khaki as soon as the five-year contract is signed. Indentures are rearranged with a scrivener largely made possible by the fact that nobody wants to delve too deeply into documentation. Creditors, paternity suit servers and the police are likely to find their inquiries greeted with the reply that

the culprit is not listed on official records—a creative kind of truth it itself. Barring certain excesses, among them homicide, the Foreign Legion offers a man the sort of haven his mother might refuse him—a second chance that even the human potential movement's most inspired pitchmen would have difficulty tapping; redemption at more than \$200-a-month starting pay.



If that deal is at bottom as deceptive as its headgear's landscape blandness, it is nevertheless one that has remained the main song drawing drifters and dreamers and the men on the lam from almost anywhere, even if only from themselves, ever since King Louis-Philippe decided to conscript a brigade of foreign muscle for his Algerian campaign in 1830. This year, as the Legion ritually celebrates its 150th anniversary with extended pomp and press clippings, its lure remains so bright that it can still boast of turning away three out of every four recruits who apply. But beyond the birthday-candle glow, the year has also brought the corps a future of distinctly bleaker shading.

With the socialist's electoral triumph this past spring, the legion suddenly woke up to find its new boss was Defense Minister Charles Hernu who, as opposition critic, only last year called for its disbandment. Nor did the swift installation of Communist cabinet ministers provide reason for jubilation. It was the French Communist Party, after all, which last year set a motion before the National Assembly to abolish what it described as "an instrument of colonial conquest and repression of the people." That measure was easily trounced, but



Legionnaires on parade (top), in Chad (above left), with detachment of Chad Nomad Guard (above right), blood and legend



It is no secret that, unlike his predecessors, President François Mitterrand takes a dim view of the sort of emergency keep-flying-in former African colonies that justify the regime's crack rapid-intervention paratroop regiment and accounted for its last fling with glory—a quick swoop into Saur's bloodied Shaba province in 1978 to beat off Katanga rebels terrorizing the European population in Kolwezi. This past summer, when the Central African Republic's army decided to take things into its own hands, the troop of legionnaires who had been posted there over since

Emperor Jean Bokassa's busy French-shelled departure in 1979, was ordered to sit this one out on the sidelines of its barracks.

Critics in recent years have come to deride the legion as an outmoded reminder of a lost empire that has metamorphosed into nothing more than a mercenary band. Even the sacred oath of anonymity has been attacked as a haven for criminalism and social misfit to since 1974, when the legion was forced to leave its basic training camp from Connaix rather rapidly after disenchanted new recruits took off without

leave, duffing away with two loose shepherds and a German tourist in their flight. Despite the fact that the corps has a significant French lobby and enough tradition not to feel threatened, such criticism may explain why when a visitor arrives at Ashgane these days, care is taken to keep a discreet public-relations-type profile. While there, new recruits bring new through a battery of physical and psychological tests to weed out the chaff from legionnaire potential and all kept far from sight, leaving the impression of some vast abandoned parade ground (basic training camp, transplanted to Castelnaudary in France's remote southwest, has been declared off-limits to journalists).

An keeper of the flame, custodian of the legion museum Sgt Maj Tibor Bencsik leads a tour through the show-case of the legend. In the hushed light of a marble organ, he pulls himself to attention with a click of the heels for one recruit's address before a small lefty also has "That," he notes to the barbed wooden hand inside, "in our file." Retrieved from the battle site of Cameroun, Mexico, the artificial member in question once belonged to Capt. Jean Dreyfus, who, after holding off 3,000 Mexicans with his force of 60 for an entire day in April, 1963, took his last four survivors and charged with bayonets drawn—an event venerated as the legion's quintessence. Recruits under the misapprehension that their escape from society has been without serious quickly learn that, subject to the French government's whims, they too will be expected to "faire Cameroun." Suggestive that the legion is founded on a macho philosophy, however, turn Bencsik white with rage. "Cameroun wasn't a defeat," he corrects. "It wasn't perhaps a complete victory, but it was a mission accomplished."

A ground-floor museum display recounts how the trade mark white pill box, the legion's blazon, was originally a white cotton duster cover for hats in the desert until a commander during the Moroccan campaign ordered his men to take them off because too many were attracting bullets in the head, the next morning they showed up defiantly, still sporting white. "The anecdote doesn't exactly fit in with the notion of iron discipline, but seems to have been forgiven for its pure machismo."

Along with tales of sentries on guard duty being given grenades with pins pulled to discourage gadding off and the killer three-day forced march at the end of boot camp, the legion has become the stuff of myth and screenplay. These days, with its numbers shrunk to 11,000—one-fifth of its peak strength during the French Indo-Chinese war of the '40s and '50s—a recruit is less likely to face battle lines than to find himself

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blazing forest fires on the French Riviera or a major earthquake in Central America causing hordes to flee out of the rain forest of French Guyana. One engineering regiment does nothing but build infrastructure on the stools a few hundred kilometres beyond Tahiti for France's atomic bomb testing program, another infantry post collects handclap pay for sitting it out between the Rhinopians and Senegals in Djibouti, keeping an eye on the Gulf of Aden. Even the essence of the Foreign Legion has changed, as a recent French National Assembly report attests since a



Paratrooper at Aubagne, plays acoustic

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harbor for the driftwood from Europe's political storms—Remains on the way from the Bolshevik revolution, Spaniards from the civil war, Hungarians bolting after the 1956 uprising, and even a preponderance of post-war Germans who, some believe, had reason to fear the Nuremberg trials—it now consists of more than 50 per cent Frenchmen. "When one is in the Foreign Legion, of course, we're all foreigners, whether we're French or not," says Gen. (Ret.) Lardry. Accordingly, a homogenous recruit is advised to list himself as Belgian or Québécois—a practice that makes for considerable confusion when a reporter requests to interview a Canadian. Puzzles one officer: "We've got hundreds of Canadians here who've never seen the country." When one is found, however, he seems entirely representative of the new breed of legionnaire.

Chief Cpl. Naef Rosterson, a 34-year veteran whose Winnipeg, Man., upbringing didn't leave him with a taste for the nine-to-five life, found the legion after a four-year hitch in the U.S. army and a drift through Europe on a score of odd jobs, when he sighted a recruiting poster outside a Paris police station: "I had rather better to die," he says. "I was looking for action, and I got it." As a paratrooper with the legion's elite Second Regiment in Calvi, Corsica, he was dropped into the civil unpleasantness in Chad in 1969, and has since seen bouts from Madagascar to the South Pacific.

If Gen. Lardry notes an increasing number of recruits seeking something new and rapid against a society that has become too fixed for them, Chief Cpl. Rosterson can only agree. "It was hard—the hardest I ever knew," he says. "But it's supposed to be hard. It makes a man out of you." Now at 40, "busted up too much" to continue parachuting, he slams "sort of a cushy job, work in the office, corrupt papers around," waiting for the end of his third five-year stint next year and his modest pension. It may not be precisely the outlook of the longtime man of action, but along the way he has acquired a wife and



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child. Though recruits must be backhoes—or at least must say they are—and can only marry at a certain rank, the legion now has begun adding married quarters to its tents. For the wounded or those who can never quite make the adjustment to civilian norms, it looks after its own with rest homes in the hills outside Aix-en-Provence, where old soldiers turn out souvenir pottery, knit blue saltimbanks and tend the vines of the legion's exclusive "chateau," which produces a red served up in the officers' mess as "Réserve Légion Strangère."

Unlike 20 per cent of the current-day recruits, *Silvestre* came seeking arms and adventure. But 80 per cent are still running from something more serious, according to the National Assembly report and, embarrassingly, the majority coming from the law torn out to be Frenchmen. If most recruits arrive "mowed unstable," so Col Jean Mayer, a former personnel chief puts it, he insists that the legion's particular grilling methods weed out the misfits. After all, the legion doesn't want their uncertain hands on some of the French army's most sophisticated weaponry.

Which is not to say it won't work at what he calls "a few procedures." "The legion doesn't mind as long as the recruit didn't lose his dignity as a man," says *Laurey*. Rape, murder and habitual drunk-and-drunty offenses are disqualifiers. "But if he may have stolen a car, passed a few bad checks, we don't consider he lost his manly dignity."

After three years a legionnaire is offered his own identity book and what is known as a "rectification" of his civil state. The legion will help him pay off bad debts or give him time off without pay to serve unfinished prison business, even pave the way for French citizenship papers and provide career counseling. "It permits us to put back into-civilian life people who have nothing to reproach themselves for," says Mayer. "It's a way of remaking a life while waiting for an identity."

But the deal is not all one-sided. In return, the legion gets a psychological book—the possibility to shape a new identity into its mould, the demand for undying loyalty that can only be expected from a man who has cut all ties with country as well as with personal background. Should he forget it, the motto is inscribed in wall-high concrete at the end of the parade ground: *Legion*.



Gen. Lerist (above) and wooden hand relic: sure as a mercenary band



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But her boss isn't quite what it used to be, he says are the legionnaires. This recent Friday night, Lola found herself becalmed among the flags and fringed capoteles, the bar hung with battle memorabilia and the door framed with stained-glass legionnaires. Still, she did not consider deserting her post. Glad in her mast dazling black and gold caftan, dark plumes and cigarette holder at hand, she was on alert as always. "I've known the legionnaires for years," she said wistfully. "I've stalked them. The 'fury' they're called. It's said to be the fiercest breed, like the legion itself. Lola has declared herself prepared for whatever might come to bay. ♡

1901 Tony Koussioski, Montreal  
1970 Jim Kemp, B.C.  
1989 Russ Jackson, Ottawa  
1994 Ken Nicholson, Winnipeg  
1997 Terry Donohue, Calgary  
1984 Russ Jackson, Ottawa  
1985 Zeno Kapp, Hamilton  
1984 Timmy Gorta, Brampton  
1982 Russ Jackson, Ottawa  
1982 Harvey White, Calgary  
1982 Tony Pashchensky, Calgary  
1990 Russ Jackson, Ottawa  
1998 Russ Jackson, Ottawa  
1998 Russ Jackson, Ottawa  
1997 Gerry Jones, Winnipeg  
1998 Norman Kozlov, Edmonton

1950 William Miller, Winnipeg  
1979 Brian Kelly, Edmonton  
1992 Joe Stupina, Winnipeg  
1977 Lynn Wright, B.C.  
1976 John Scars, B.C.  
1975 Tom Clements, Ottawa  
1974 Sam Crysmanah, Toronto  
1973 Johnnie Rodgers, Montreal  
1972 Chuck Fale, Saskatoon

# A sailor in search of the perfect wind



Watson's appointment as host of CBS Cable is the latest in a staggering list of credits

By Jane O'Hara

Patrick Watson has never fled his parties but he has always been up far an awol. In New York, the two converged last month as Studio 54 met Roman renaissance in the marble-buzzed ante interior of the New York Public Library. Among the 1,200 guests who spun through the bronze revolving doors—to be greeted by jump-suited harlequins and surrounded by woodwind quintets and a 34-piece orchestra—was singer Tony Bennett, New York Mayor Ed Koch and actress Jane Alexander. Watson was not only there, with the Order of Canada pin in the left lapel of his tuxedo, with Canadian actress Kate Nelligan on one arm and Canadian filmmaker Teri McLaughlin on the other, he is his perpetually understated way he was somehow at the centre of it.

The occasion of the party was to publicly launch (in Cable, a 30-minute) arts and cultural programming network aimed at three million U.S. subscribers who reel at the philistinism of commercial TV. Watson is the host of the network, which in the latest feather in his already well-plumed cap. For the past 18 weeks he has been working 18 to 18-hour days screening programs, interviewing guests, writing scripts and generally leading what *The New York Times* has called "the suave demeanor and urbane style that is reminiscent of the comforting presence of Alvin Karpis."

Later that evening at a private dinner

party Watson finally met William S. Paley, chairman of CBS and still, after more than half a century, one of the most powerful men in the United States. There, the 50-year-old Paley beamed approval at Watson and the fledgling network. Eyes squinting from his floral face, Paley rubbed his fingers together as though pinching salt and protracted,

With McLaughlin (left) and Nelligan at CBS bash (above), receiving Order of Canada



"Patrick, it's got the best."

This was high praise coming from television's high priest, but nothing that Watson had not heard before. His entire career, whether in broadcasting, writing or film-making, has unerringly had "the feel," otherwise known as the Watson touch. To roll Watson's professional credits is to make men twice his age wish they had done half as much. In 1964 Watson imbedded his fingerprints in the Canadian psyche with *This Hour Has Seven Days*—the Sunday night public affairs show that resonated throughout the establishment first thing Monday morning. When the program was killed amid much controversy two years later, and doors started closing at the CBC, Watson merely turned his polyphedral mind to other ventures. "I was looked upon as a troublemaker," says Watson over lunch in New York for the more familiar jurtleneck and blue jeans jacket. "Parity, it was a self-chosen exile from the CBC, but it was also true they wouldn't hire me. I was broke after having done some spectacular TV."

Watson, who has never allowed himself to languish long—"The last time I was bored was as a kid sick in bed and I didn't have enough to read"—was soon off again. He became the first North American to film in China, a documentary called *The Seven Hundred Millions*. He directed Jacques Cousteau and created CBC TV's *Flamingo* and the CBC's *Watson's*. Yesterday, expanding the theatrical potential of the medium by inter-

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viewing such bygone guests as Napoleon, Confucius and Adolf Hitler. There was also his documentary on Albert Speer and a series on aviation, *Flight: A Personal Affair*. For two years in the early '70s, he was host and producer of *The 12th Step*, a collective public affairs show for PBS in New York. The last, lengthiest with the dynasty of programs he either wrote or hosted from Ottawa, including *Quarterly Report* and *The Watson Report*. This month, he begins a series of overseas news documentaries for the CBC's upcoming current affairs program, *The Journal*. This is not to

mention the six books he has written. Nor does it touch on his personal achievements: father of three, an accomplished pilot, cook and parent, having taught himself to play at the age of 45. "Watson is like Galileo," says Dan Turner, an Ottawa TV host who once worked for Watson on *The Watson Report*. "He sat only thinks he can do everything, he does it."

As a child, however, Watson was more Hendrix than Galileo, electing his first theatrical stripes as amateur magician at neighborhood parties in Toronto. Early on he showed a penchant



Interviewing Confucius (John Reilly), for "Times" busy as a dragnet painting

for getting a hand in every aspect of production. Watson not only performed, he also invented his own tricks. At Oakwood Collegiate, he acted in amateur productions and at 18, he got the part of Jake in the radio series *The Eastman Kid*. He earned \$5 a week but his entry into the world of sound effects, timing cues and theatrical illusion was worth more in the long run. Perhaps the only serious detour Watson took from his duly appointed path in broadcasting was into the world of academia. While working on a PhD in education and linguistics from the University of Michigan, Watson at one point thought he might like to become a university professor. Why? His answer reveals part of what has kept his life as busy as a dragnet painting. "I wanted to be one of those people who were admired."

If it was simply admiration that has stoked the fires of Watson's ambition, then he could retire right now at the age of 63 and live off the interest of all he has received. He could go back to his log house retreat in Berkeleyside Township outside Ottawa and peek through one or practice a Bach fugue that has struck his fancy. Or he could settle into his house near Georgian Bay, where he plans to plant alfalfa in the few free days between his time at CBC and flying off to Zimbabwe, which is likely to be his first assignment with *The Journal*. Watson says that he has, in fact, "slowed down" from the furious pace he set himself in the '60s. To be sure, (in retired) an politician has somewhat muted. He now yearns for more time for relaxing at the typewriter or just relaxing at the piano. He admits, only slightly ironically, that he no longer wants to be president of the car. "It's a lousy thing I didn't get it," he says. "In the middle '80s I decided I was through with media politics. It's exhausting and the rewards are now mysterious. An art-

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not can see the effect of his invention and that is power enough for me!" President Watson, however, says that he is still "searching"—perhaps, to recreate the excitement of *This Hour Has Seven Days*. "He is like a sailor always looking for the perfect wind," says LaPierre, his close friend and co-host of *This Hour*. Adds Gordon Cunningham, who has known Watson since the '50s, now the area supervisor of public affairs for the CBC in Ottawa: "Patrick is still trying to find out where you win next after having won it all."

If it is true that Watson has won it all, he has also had his share of losses. In 1948, his older brother Cliff, who served as a fighter pilot in the Second World War—having paid his own way over to Britain to enlist in the Royal Navy—died in a freak accident while rehearsing in a *Seaside* for the CBC airshow. "My brother was a role model for me," says Watson. "He was a wonderful storyteller, which is just about the best thing I can say about anyone." Watson's second great loss happened in 1986, when he fell while building a goddese dome, an attempt to put into practice the mathematical principles of his intellectual hero, Buckminster Fuller. His leg was crushed in the fall, he contracted gas gangrene and his family was told he probably wouldn't live. Watson survived, but his leg was amputated above the knee. Friends say it was a bitter blow and possibly one of the things that has driven him to succeed. LaPierre says Watson "strove a little harder" after the accident. "It was not an obsession so much as an attempt to regain the harmony, the balance in his life. I have seen him in great anxiety about how he looked and felt, particularly with women. I have seen him in great pain. But somehow he has always managed to come out of it in great transports of joy." Watson himself says the experience "made me lose my fear of dying and helped me accept the subsequent deaths of people around me. It didn't make my brother's death any easier to live with. I still have nightmares about that."

Watson's life has been one of a professional life or from the grueling stagehands at CBC studios in New York, the needs of their emotional commitment to Watson slips between two polar reverses and adoration. "It won't be the beautiful interview. I will remember Patrick for," says LaPierre. "But that he has saved my life. Last fall when I was very suicidal, Patrick was on the phone to me every hour. His calm and reassurance pulled me through. What I will remember is watching in the fields and being close to him."

In the club studios from wardrobe to blender the last from

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With LaPerris on 'This Hour Has Seven Days,' I was looked upon as a troublemaker.

Watson's taste. Dressing up was Watson's idea, his instinct being that the formality gives each show the feeling of "an event." Besides, he adds, a smile breaking from under the grey clouds of his hair, "the tuxedo makes me look rich." Again, the Order of Canada pin is prominent in his left lapel even though it is a full week days before he will travel to Ottawa to be invested. "I got it before I came down here and couldn't wait to wear it. I try to get as much Canadiana as I can in these programs as I can." In a chair to Watson's left, waiting to be interviewed, is popular representational artist Alex Katz, whose recent works are wide-eyed, brassy-colored paintings of his wife. The extent of Watson's familiarity with Katz had come 15 minutes earlier when Watson slipped into his dressing room to pursue a hook of his art. "That's one of the things about Watson," says Turner,

who regularly briefed Watson on *The Watson Report*. "You give him research the day of the show and his mind absorbs it like blotting paper."

But that is only one facet of the interview style that has set standards in Canadian journalism. "What makes Patrick the best interviewer I have ever seen," says Collingham, "is his complete mastery of material, his first-rate mind, his intelligent sensitivity and his ability to control the mood and pacing of an interview. There are never any loose ends."

The artistry is apparent as Watson, whose face runs from impish to monkish depending on the slant of his smile, the tilt of his head, quizes Katz with the certainty of a man intellectually bounding through his own mind in the pleasure he takes in his own skill. As he puts it, "I just like to be able to dance for the camera." ♦

As head of CBC's *Patrick*, it's got the feel; *Patrick* is well-planned cap



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# In the belly of a cold-blooded killer

*Despite the discomforts, submariners relish the blend of informality and expertise on the job*

By Michael Chapton

In the torpedo room, *The Legend of the Lone Ranger* is playing on a 100-movie screen suspended from torpedo tubes. In the control room, only the reddish lights from innumerable dials spell the blackout. The darkness protects the night vision of the lookout who peers through the tiny eye of the attack periscope. Muffled voices in a corner discuss the Montreal Expos while 10 metres overhead the gunmetal cones in splashdown with either by a full moon, a hardpan south of Halifax on the chart. The Geodaga is working by air to recharge the batteries after a day's exertion and the concentration of peacetime life in a war machine are never stranger.

The world's press knew that to control the seas—even the world, they say—a country needs submarines. The Geodaga is one of Canada's three submarines, British Oberon-class boats built in the mid-80s. They are a far cry



David Phillips takes complete bearing

from the newest machines, sleek minuscules of nuclear technology that are an integral part of the arms race. The Oberon-class Geodaga-class submarines are about 17 times bigger than some of their Second World War ancestors. The American missile-carrying Trident could, as some military people put it, sit in Lake Superior and park a hot one in the north room at the Kremlin. To the chagrin of defence critics, Canada's subs are diesel-electric, much slower than the world's largest leviathans.

Off Halifax, the Geodaga is about to begin another peacetime drill of target practice—as usual, it's the target. The Sea King helicopter serves overhead with the sun roaring in from 1700. Seawater with a crew of submarine-killers for the training. "They haven't got a chance," says Lt. Cmdr. Al Denlap, the 35-year-old captain of the submarine, in the manner of a confident coach before a game. It's no life boat. Dressed in a neat, green one-piece jumpsuit and sandals, Denlap flicks his

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one-handed stopwatch and barks out the emergency dive commands that submariners could all but recite in their sleep: "Full ahead together. Flood Q. Keep 180 degrees. Amd ships. Down all masts." The hatchway to the conning tower is sealed, and the down men in the kitchen-sized control room spring to life. The Q tank in the bow floods in seconds, tilting the 80-metre boat forward in a 30-degree slant towards the bottom, some 250 metres below. As papers and charts slide along the plotting desk, Dunlop demands "Speed by log," and the answer comes swiftly "Speed by log



David Bell peers the submarine

eight knots, sir." It's a world of eerie sounds, which emphasize the isolation of the submarine. The helicopter's roar grays against the black hull, barely half a metre outside the room, and a grenade explodes in the water far away—the helicopter's smokescreen depth change is well out of range. There's an ominous risk of water through open overhead as the trim tanks are adjusted.

Using an old U-boat trick, Dunlop directs *Overdaga* through a temperature barrier, or thermocline, into a layer of colder water below the 50-metre depth. The water cannot penetrate the barrier immediately, and by the time the helicopter has adjusted its electronic ears Dunlop has taken the *Overdaga* through a huge underwater curve down to 120 metres—so deep the woodwork creaks from the pressure. Those standing grab for support as the sub lurches and turns like an serpent. Then the submarine comes up for a stealthy peek at the befuddled helicopter—640 metres away and going in the wrong direction. All hands chuckle at the latest victory in an expensive game of tag.

A submarine is the coldest of the cold-blooded killers, an agent of stealth and ambush from the shoot-in-the-back school of fighting. Its master, business-like appearance, the "black harbinger of death" look, caught Dunlop's eye before he volunteered. But it's hardly surprising that the submarine service is hard up for volunteers. "It helps to have a sense of humor here," says underwater weapons expert Pierre Allard, a 30-year-old master scuba diver from Quebec. "Especially when you step from your back into someone's plate of beans." Two men can just pass turning sideways in the narrow passageway, and a newcomer is watched for signs of claustrophobia. Men squeeze into bunks with barely room to turn over. They ferret shavings to conserve water, and seem more perturbed by the smells of bodies, engine oil and boiled cabbage than by the mass of black water over their heads when the boat dives deep. Walls and ceilings are covered with layers of

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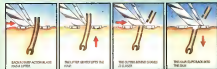
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gips and kilometer of electric wires, like the guts of a mechanical whale. Waxes of dials, valves and alarms are reminders that "there's more to go wrong as a submarine than a surface ship," as Archie Campbell, a 27-year-old electrician from Cape Breton puts it. "But I feel safer here because the crew is trained to react in a fraction of a second."

As he speaks, a crewman passes by, carrying a hot lunch to his table in the stern living quarters. It's a precarious walk that the man living in the stern must make three times a day, from the

galley through the busy control room, between the oily, churning engines, and along the narrow corridor of the machine room. There are not the comforts of home, yet as if in defiance of the discomfort, most submariners feel a heartfelt loyalty to their boats. Crew members are attracted by a mixture of expertise and informality which is rare in the services.

"It's a young man's work," says Lt.-Cmdr. Rob Gray, who retired from submarines in 1971 after 10 years—including 2½ years on the Growl. "They're a different kind of man—con-



Donlop watches crewman at periscope

scientists and geniuses." It's easy to forget amid the joking and baseball talk that the boat was designed to send enemy boats like it to the bottom, with dozens of men trapped and drowning inside. Alford joined to learn English and see the world. Donlop was attracted by the immediate weight of responsibility in submarines, where everyone has a critical part to play. Lee Holten, 29, from Granby, Que., joined for the electrical training, which he hopes will land him a job on an off-shore oil rig in a few years. "Submariners are known as reliable trouble-shooters," he explains. They learn to adjust, like Campbell, who ferreted out a storage place for his guitar among the torpedoes, and who says, "War is something, we don't want to think about. I can't live my life banking on a war."

Normal men with normal ambitions. Yet they all posed the services and volunteered to work on this cramped little machine with the green and orange torpedoes at bow and stern. And somewhere in their minds they carry the knowledge that, in the captain's tiny cabin, near his classical music tapes and books, there's a small safe built into the bulkhead. In it are orders for the Growl, to be opened in only one situation—when Canada is at war. ◇

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CANADA



Stefan Bakery leaving Montreal: the country's ethnicities focused less on the damp-eyed arrivals than on one ethnic

## Polish threads among the gold

By Vial Ross

**A** Polish domestic cruise dropped last week (page 48). Solidarity leader Lech Wałęsa called off his trip to Ottawa—at about the same time that 180 Poles in Montreal were settling in to stay. All had arrived the previous week on the year's final voyage of the cruise ship Stefan Bakery. Their first glimpse of Canada's streets passed with gold maple leaves, drinks going way to mellow sunshine and an elaborate greeting party. There were also translators, warm embraces and "Welcome to Canada" from members of the Polish Canadian Congress. Moreover, sponsored by two Polish-Canadian Liberal MPs and one senator—Jesse Phi, Stan Hudecki and Stanley Haidasz—Immigration Minister Lloyd Axworthy had just announced that immigration rules will be relaxed. The new rules will permit two sponsored visitors to Canada to apply within the country for the refugee status normally accorded only to those bedded in Austrian interest camps.

The Polish arrivals were barned to boats, then ferried to church services in Montreal and on to Toronto. There, as were greeted by Congress member El-

bieta Wolka with the news that two jobs had already been booked and that more support would be forthcoming from the country's 350,000 member Polish community. Despite the outpouring of hospitality, however, the country's attention focused less on the damp-eyed, smiling arrivals than on a Polish official who could not go home again. Marek Gutowski (pronounced Gut-shay-vitz), an staff at the Polish Consulate in Toronto, had departed on Oct. 8 with his wife. He had requested asylum—not in Canada—but in the United States, where he was being questioned by the Central Intelligence Agency.

Why had the scare, which suggested the Gutowskis' defection, handed a source of potential interest to Canadian security over to the Americans? Speculation centred on whether Gutowski had been a CIA contact before he came to Toronto two months ago, or whether recent revelations by the McDonald commissions had led him to conclude that Canadian intelligence is incompetent and riddled with foreign operatives that he could not trust it. Other rumours suggested that the Americans had been fishing in Canadian waters

and had slipped him out of the Mousetrap. On the contrary, said Solicitor-General Robert Kaplan. Canadian and American intelligence had co-operated on the operation for months. He insisted that he was aware, "well in advance," of the defection, and that "Canadian interests were fully respected in this matter." Former Conservative assistant general Alvin Lawrence was not appeased. "When implications of lack of credibility arise, there should be a public debate about the efficiency of our own [security] people," he stormed.

Who was Marek Gutowski? More than the mere "Pole" he was first said to be. Bearded, affable, multilingual and remarkably well travelled for an East bloc citizen, he was the vice-consul responsible for issuing passports, according to Jack Adick, editor of the Toronto newspaper *Zastrowianin* ("The Alliance"), which lacks the wary Aida Wolka, who in her professional capacity of travel agent dealt with Gutowski on several occasions. "He was so adept in getting people around visa red tape? We found him helplessly highly nervous. We didn't think he'd last."

American intelligence officials do not underestimate the helplessness of Polish

**Maclean's**  
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defectors. In the late 1990s one named Michael Golezowski turned out to be a Polish intelligence liaison officer attached to the crew and one of the most important sources on Soviet intelligence ever, according to John Barron, author of the definitive study, *RGB*. Curiously, U.S. interest has been heightened by the Los Angeles trial of a Polish consular official, Marian Zacharski. Zacharski is accused of having used a James Bondian camera film canister inside a tire rack and in hollowed-out statuary to photograph, and later procure, embargoed high technology for his Soviet masters. Consequently, it now seems likely that Ottawa went in providing the CIA with information on other holders of consular passports.

The embarrassing episode dramatically undercuts the Polish diplomatic community's goodwill and gratitude over last week's announcement that Canada will grant another \$500-million credit for grain purchases to a broke and hungry Poland. Instead of making speeches and shaking hands, consular officials are frantically scrubbing the staid, gloomy mansion on Toronto's Lombard Boulevard to determine what the defector official took with him. A sign—SORRY WE'RE CLOSED—is taped to the clothes front door. For the consulate's neighbors, it is all just one more alarming ambiguity in a history of dithering introduced by the presence of the consulate in their comfortable middle-class neighborhood. The demonstrations, flag burnings and bomb threats were bad enough. A real-life James Bond escapee in something else again.

With Alex Jones, Alan Brown and William Leachler

Mohaka: helpfulness was highly unusual



## Those war wounds acting up again

It was the Italian schemer Machiavelli who decreed that "There is nothing more difficult to arrange, more doubtful of success, and more dangerous" than initiating changes to a nation's constitution. As the constitutional drama reached its climax in this week's first ministers' conference, back wisdom could not be laid on at least two premiers.

That slice of the "Gang of Eight" was believed amenable, in varying degrees, to closing a deal with Pierre Trudeau that would see the Canadian contribution back in Canada with some form of the charter of rights—so previous to the prime minister. At least two premiers—Alan Hawkey and Bill Bennett—endorsed their consensus to discuss the prospect with Ottawa's key ally, Premier William Davis of Ontario. But none wanted to come out and openly advocate some form of compromise. "It's like an 'after you, Alpha' routine," said one insider. "No one wants to take the first step and had there's no body following." Even veterans of the constitutional wars could not get ahead in advance which, if any, premier might provoke a split in the uneasy alliance of right men—

whose only shared conviction is that Trudeau needs broad personal consent if he wants to redesign Canada's political structure. Their single strategy until this week was to remain united, in order to force Trudeau back to the bargaining table he left 14 months ago, when the previous first ministers' summit failed and he chose to proceed with support only from Ontario and New Brunswick. Once back to the table, anything could happen. So wily divergent are their politics that the Right never even tried to discuss common areas of compromise when they met in Montreal two weeks ago.

For at least one premier—René Lévesque—no compromise appeared possible. With his Parti Québécois expected to drop the words "sovereignty-association" from its platform and replace them with "independence" when making representatives meet next month, federal strategists doubted whether they could get Lévesque's signature on a doc-

ument that pointed the way to a new federation. The right opposition to a charter of rights expressed by Sterling Lyon gave secret hope that the Maritimes premier could accept any document that he felt infringed upon provincial jurisdiction. Yet even Lyon would think twice about allying himself with Lé-



Davis: Ottaviano's key ally, but one of the Flaky Four

vesque alone, because of the sensitivity it might provoke in advance of Manitoba's Nov. 17 election. The last of the inflexible group, Peter Lougheed, has publicly stated that the premiers do not need to offer any compromise. That, he said, was up to Trudeau.

Other premiers appeared more flexible—and more politically vulnerable. As a part of the group whose own officials have called the Flaky Four, Hawkey has had his people talk compromise solutions with representatives of B.C., Ontario and New Brunswick. While he opposed the charter in principle, the Prairie premier has indicated he is not unalterably opposed to a more limited charter than the one Trudeau proposes. But federal and Ontario insiders doubt that Hawkey would feel politically comfortable as the only Western governor on Trudeau's wagon. Nor has Bennett expressed serious qualms about a charter. He has the added impetus of facing the B.C.

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electronic nose, and of slugging it out with an S&P opposition which could cause him problems by making the charter an issue among the minority group it was designed to protect.

Among the Atlantic provinces there is the same hesitancy about the charter, but their membership in the Gang of Eight was more in protest against Trudeau's burgeoning power. Newfoundland Premier Brian Peckford had the sense enough to be the first to abandon the Eight in search of a new consensus, particularly after being shamed publicly that indicate a sharp drop in his approval rating in the year since he dabbled Ottawa "an agent" of the previous Liberal Nova Scotia's John Buchanan. Peckford has been asked to try with Pierre Trudeau over the next three months. Both provinces are trying to hammer out a way to split up the off and Atlantic gas overhauling off their coasts.

The group's fragility was such that the moment any of the dissenting eight premiers expressed any willingness to discuss the charter of rights, the common front seemed likely to dissolve. Their common position, as expressed in their accord of last April, was more on the charter. The accord was an expression of the ministers' Eight would accept as a group—and for Lévesque that meant the right of a province to veto any constitutional change that it felt might infringe upon such provincial authority as Quebec's right to limit the use of English through Bill 100. Predictably, Ottawa rejected the accord within an hour of its release. Even less time would be needed by the mediators to find whether or not Trudeau intends to be true to his word and show the flexibility they require. If neither side was willing to meet first, then the first ministers' meeting will be remembered as the place the war, not the nation, was renewed.

—LAS ANGELES

## NATIONAL

### Hair shirts with silver linings

After spending the past year bracing for trade to be kept poor countries industrialists, Pierre Trudeau last week attacked the new Canadian Industrial Renewal Board to help defend the domestic textile and clothing business against poor-country competition. As usual in politics, paradox and hypocrisy are only separated by good intentions. The government says the board is intended to subsidize revivification of the Canadian industry, that applies even to the report question the government would impose for another five years and fear the board is just another Liberal move to acquire old imports.

Keeping cheap clothes off Canadian shelves is not only hard on poor countries trying to make their way in the world, the Ottawa-based North-South Institute estimates that tariffs and



Trudeau in haste last week bigger help

quotas now cost Canadian consumers \$500 million every year in higher clothing and textile prices by limiting imports. Low-income families—those who shop for the cheapest clothes—bear the heaviest burden of what are, in effect, subsidies to high-cost domestic producers and the lucky foreign firms that get permits under the quota system. For the Canadian industry (one of the most powerful) lobbies in Ottawa, the restrictions have had the desired effect. Clothing imports from developing countries and Eastern Europe fell by 38 percent from 1976 to 1979, while high-priced imports from rich countries—unrestricted by quotas—rose 31 percent.

There is clearly a good reason for not suddenly exposing the domestic in-

dustry to rampant foreign competition. Nearly 300,000 people work in the textile and clothing industry—more than half in Quebec, where whole neighborhoods in Montreal and other towns in the hinterland rely on such jobs. Even before the protective quotas, 5,000 jobs were shipped from industry payrolls in 1979 and '80, while output was actually rising.

Empowered to spend at least \$250 million in the next five years, the new board is intended to subsidize modernization of plants with some hope of becoming competitive, induce new industries into places where old textile and rag trade plants cannot escape anyone, and finance worker retraining. Henry with corporate blue bloods, the 16-member board is headed by Lloyd Doolan, the president of the huge Power Corp. of Montreal and one of Trudeau's few lieutenants.



Trudeau in haste last week bigger help

business investors. Along with a couple of deputy ministers (from industry and regional expansion), members include James Kerr, president of the Consumers' Association of Canada, and Sam Fox, of the Amalgamated Clothing and Textile Workers' Union. To the vocal distress of the industry, nobody on the board is directly engaged in the business—apparently to avoid any appearance of a conflict of interest.

One of the surprises at the board will likely be Peter Nygard, the flashy millionaire boss of The Jay International of Winnipeg, the country's largest ladies' sportswear manufacturer. "I was instrumental in its formation," says Nygard. As for why taxpayers should subsidize multimillionaire Nygard, claims that without the quotas he would

have shifted domestic production—and jobs—to his plants abroad.

Whatever said the board supplies to industry, it has done nothing for the career of national industry Minister Frank McKel, still locked in cabinet over but over an industrial strategy with Economic Development Minister Rod Olson. When establishment of the board was first announced last June, it was supposed to answer to Gray and Regional Expansion Minister Pierre Duhaime. Last week it was announced that the board will, in fact, report to a seven-member cabinet committee chaired by Trudeau. The vice-chairman is pro-business, anti-interventionist Olson, Gray, at least, is a member of the committee.

—JOHN HAY

## HALIFAX

### 'Little Jimmy' and the devil's work

The defense lawyer read from *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* to illustrate his point—that the man in the dock knew he was conscious to control the brutal side of his nature. "Even Dr. Jekyll hated Hyde," argued Peter Bailey in the heavily guarded Halifax courtroom last week as he summed up his insanity defense of James Odo. But the jury, after 11½ hours more than an hour's deliberation, convicted Odo, 36, of the first-degree murder of a five-year-old girl—a child who had looked to him as a kindly father. Then, Madam Justice Constance Gibe immediately sentenced him to life, with no possibility of parole for at least 30 years.

The character of the accused was no less perplexing than the crime. He was gentle and kind, with children, but in 1978 he raped his nine-year-old niece. He was known for missing festivities and getting lost. He told the court of satanic murder rites in Montreal that had left him possessed by the cult's promises, of true love and of coitus in his head. He also declared that he had led to another court to escape conviction in the 1974 Halifax murder of 15-year-old Anthony Charr, who had been spread-eagled, tied to two trees and dismembered. That left the 1981 jury with the puzzle of when to believe an admitted liar, one who swears regularly in and out of states of psychotic delirium.

Early on the morning of June 6, 1981, Odo hit police to the body of Doreen Davidson, hidden beneath a tree in the woods. He had known her well, since establishing a relationship with her mother, Margaret Morgan (née Davidson), in February, 1969, and moving

into the house, where he became an affectionate, sedulous "father" to her four children. Even six months later, after the couple split up and Odo moved out, "little Jimmy"—as friends referred to the five-year-old—remained a close friend of the household. As a result, it was perfectly normal for Odo to offer to take Davidson and her friend, seven-year-old Christy Beale, to a carnival in Halifax on June 1. But instead, he took the girls across the huge suspension bridge in Dartmouth, put an industrial park and into the woods. Davidson ran into the trees to relieve herself, and Odo followed, leaving Christy. A police witness at the trial recovered Odo's confession: "He said he had come up behind her, and he hit her in the head with a rock—and he



Odo and Christy struggle like a pair of animals who 'could change into a werewolf'

her again, and again, and again." After dropping through the night in the woods, Odo and Christy hitch-hiked back to Halifax and told Davidson's mother that the child was missing.

First-degree murder is a planned and deliberate killing and, although Odo's record of psychiatric disorders extends back to 1969, the Crown argued that he was sane before and during the crime. In turn, the defense produced two witnesses, including Dr. Norwood Akhtar, the head of the forensic psychiatry unit at the Nova Scotia Hospital—who independently diagnosed Odo as a borderline schizophrenic. In serious cases Davidson's death, Odo told Akhtar that a great prison of a Montreal autism case, one "Marlene Dubois," controlled his life. In Montreal, he said, she had been a victim of a series of psychiatric kidnappers to the doctor who had been hit by a truck from inside his head. "She could change into a werewolf," he told the court. His account treated that an evidence of delusion, since there was no evidence she had ever existed. Akhtar thought Odo was in a psy-

chotic state when he killed the girl. For one thing, Odo told the district in March that he was afraid of hurting someone—a voluntary admission. For another, Odo had no motive for the killing. Being unable to form close relationships, he was incapable of harboring revenge against Mrs. Morgan after the split-up, as the prosecution suggested. And finally, a half-burned doll was found in Odo's basement in August—a charm that Odo tried to use to maintain, he believed, it would prevent a house-hold acquaintance from "putting together, and it would really enjoy time," said Bailey after the trial, while he and his partner, Malcolm Jeffcock, were "still trying to understand the verdict."

The verdict may have turned on Odo's lying—he recovered his story to the po-



lice, and later admitted the 1974 pornography to his lawyer's wife. This pattern fits the "full-normal," deluded 36-year-old Odo supposedly has. To the Crown, it marks a slip, a dishonest, above-normal intellect, one that would plot false clues—such as the burned doll and Davidson in a psychiatrist's car—before turning to the crime.

The case has brought order fire the practice of mandatory supervision, a procedure that allows prison to serve the first third of a sentence as the streets. At work's end, Conservative MP Elton MacKay told the Commons that Odo, "whose horrendous sentences were well known," was on mandatory supervision when he killed Davidson. He had been released Feb. 2, 1980, after serving just over three years for the rape of his niece. Solicitor-General Robert Kaplan promised an investigation into how the system failed, although there is, he warned, "an element of unpredictability about human nature," and any system of conditional release will be "unable to predict the behavior of certain dangerous individuals." —MICHAEL CLARKE



## QUEBEC

### Behavior less than saintlike

Sleazebag-faced jokers, Québécois in jeans and navy blue T-shirts shouted their blue and white fleur-de-lis for Montreal's first St. Jean Baptiste Day parade in 12 years. But what the thousands of young men and women marched into, on that sunny day last June, was a scandal of patronage and financial flogging that even Premier René Lévesque—who is himself implicated—has called "extraneous."

### Broadway Joe sharpens his act

Through all his political agency, Joe Clark has realized that his problems have had more to do with caricatures than with Jerusalem and Petro-Canada. "The mistake I made earlier," he allowed late last year, "was not recognizing what has been done to me in the caricatures." To counter his image anguish, Clark's handlers have worked with their man on voice projection and body language. His hands have been a major problem—those sometimes long fingers chopping the air. Finally, a decision was reached on that matter: no more posturing, he must learn to cup his hands. But even that was not good enough, and lately the beret has been extended to the total person. Joe Clark has been taking advice from a professional acting coach.

Of course, that seems only fair since, as Pierre Elliott Trudeau, Clark faces one of the great natural challenges in Canadian history. As a result, he has gone to the top—to the renowned Lee Strasberg Theatrical Institute in New

Last week Quebec Recreation Minister Lucien Lévesque felt the heat generated by the controversy. He faced a battery of questions during a meeting of the national assembly's finance committee as Liberal opposition members tried to force him into holding a public inquiry to examine the tales of money mismanagement and incompetence that had engulfed the festivities. René Lévesque, commenting on the \$850,000 province-wide deficit. "Some of the committees didn't quite understand the concept of self-financing."

The scandal was a sobering wake-up to the "triumphal" return of Quebec's traditional parade in honor of its patron saint. The celebration had disappeared after protesting student nationalists

battled, whose celebrated graduates include Marilyn Monroe and Marlon Brando. Word of the mounting first looked out in September, when Strasberg instructor David Gidson, a 14-year veteran of the New York stage, boasted to an aspiring student from Canada. "I'm currently coaching one of your MPs, Mr. Clark." After calls from Clark advisers—and requiring reporters in Ottawa—Gidson allowed only that he reviewed videotapes of the Conservative leader. But he admits that he has a valid specialty. "Anyone in the public eye wanting to know what comes across to people will call me," he says. "As I watch someone work, I'll say, 'Look out for such and such an angle, or 'the lighting is too low.'"

Gidson's advice could come in handy at week's end, when the Opposition leader might find himself checking out the intimacy of the spotlight. If Trudeau and some problems happen to reach a constitutional consensus, Clark will then have to pronounce on whether or not he will expedite debate in the Commons on the package before it goes to London. Since he led opposition to Trudeau's scheme from the start, any concession by Clark will require more than ordinary showmanship.

### Rechristened 'Péte' asked to keep quiet

demonstrators pelted Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau with rocks and bottles during the 1988 federal election campaign and returned in 1989 to destroy the statue of St. Jean Baptiste. For the resurrection, the central committee of the publicly funded and rechristened "Péte Nationale" had coerced religion and promoted Parti Québécois-style nationalism. They were "aspirating to the maximum," said *Le Presse*, "everything to create nationalistic conditions."

But the most government creation at the moment is indignation. Even Lévesque now seems to have been involved in a bit of arm-twisting to get private companies to help finance the Péte. Opponents had convinced 15-80,000 boats in the parade, each underwritten by co-operative corporate citizens. But with less than three weeks to go, only three companies had been found to underwrite the floats and two of them, Eldon Québec and the James Bay Development Society, were government-owned. Lévesque sent out telegrams inviting business leaders to a meeting in his Montreal office. By the end of the meeting, which Lévesque did not attend, all 15 floats had sponsors. Maurice Cassin, the man who has been hired to lead the money—and didn't—received \$75,000 in overmissions. That was not all. Charged a Liberal MNA. "These PQ firms got \$3,000 for four weeks' work, which consisted of sending out 12 press releases."

Jean-Marie Lapointe, who resigned in disgust as president of the Montreal regional committee after the Péte, has charged that a cover-up was attempted. He claims that he complained from the beginning about the projected deficits. "I was asked to keep quiet for the sake of the image of the Péte," he now says. Instead, the image fostered by the politicization of the traditional holiday is suffering memories of former governments and the kind of bungling the PQ swore it would clean up.

—ANDREW BRIDGES

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# Why you can't get there from here

By David Thomas

It was as if all the railway whistles in the land were tapped up full and concentrated into a single wounded shriek. From the small-town station to the base of the House of Commons, thousands of Canadians grumbled this month's Via Rail cuts. And yet, as irresponsible as a rickshaw as the train, not Transport Minister Jean-Luc Pepin, going forth the same old song: unless Canadians make greater use of what is left of their over-grown passenger service, even were it, it will be underwritten to oblivion.

For many riders, Pepin's Kefauver scenario is scripted for the ruin of rail travel under his "rethink" Via Rail routes, to go into effect Nov. 15, for example. Frederictonians who had been used to a pleasant overnight ride to Montreal will be routed via Saint John and Moncton. By the time they reach Campbellton, NB—8½ hours and 560 km later—they will be further away from their Montreal destination than when they were sitting at the platform in Fredericton.

In km, an empty computation of one-fifth of Via's network, Pepin has driven a raincoat spike into the fact that bid Canada to a pair of cherished traditions: rail passenger service and democratic decision making. The ministry was so much awestruck last week for his bypassing of Parliament and the normal regulatory process as he was for eliminating 15 trains and downgrading as others used by more than a million Canadians. At the same time, there was evidence that Pepin and the Liberal government were swayed by anti-train bus operators.

That was not surprising. Canada's senior government overseer of passenger train policy was, until recently, a prominent bus industry lobbyist. Meanwhile, two prairie towns were in court challenging the legality of Pepin's train cuts, but the greater noise of post-hoc regulatory control continued to rattle. In the end, it became obvious that Pepin, unilaterally, could wipe out the entire Via system, since it has never been protected by legislation.

The protesters who converged in Ottawa last week aboard overcrowded trains quickly ran into the minister's refusal to permit Via to remove its roster of outmoded rolling stock without

paying out much of its existing service. Via's haste to inform the blow by rushing its first modern US' trains into scheduled service resulted in added hardships when they had to be withdrawn temporarily at the last minute. And, to avoid further embarrassment, Via management and Pepin tried to keep quiet an error in the calculation of the losses and to justify the train withdrawals. It seemed so easy to be a backseat wail of realigning a railway.

For his part, Via President Frank Roberts had already been cast in the uncomfortable role of a sincere but ineffectual champion of passenger trains unable to stand up to an anti-rail government. Now there is a risk of adding an aura of incompetence to Via's troubled image. When Pepin and an anonymous Via management first announced the train cuts in July, they cited overwhelming losses as the principal reason. But Markovits has discovered that on the scheduled run from Hamilton, Ont., to Toronto, for example, the declared annual loss of \$853,000 was exaggerated by \$379,000. Via rejected to count cash fares paid on board the train by the more than 300 passengers who

use it each day. Though aware of the discrepancy, neither Pepin nor Roberts has publicly corrected it. Roberts even denies there was a mistake.

That miscalculation, however, may go down as a mere blunder beside the greater decrease that threatens to obliterate Via's core-processing efforts to introduce a new golden age of passenger trains. There are halfhearted propositions to the contrary, but government policy is clearly to withdraw trains from the choice of many travellers. That, in turn, will drive more and more Canadians to turn to the airlines—where increasingly high fares make travel costs prohibitive for all but the affluent and expense-account voyagers. Nor is bus travel always an acceptable alternative. The routes are often crowded, dirty and strike-bound.

During his years in the political wilderness, Pepin was a board member of Purolator Corporation when it owned Voyager bus lines. And in February, the minister returned the favor by appointing as his director of rail passenger administration former Voyager vice-president Robert Tittley. Now the top public servant entrusted with

passenger trains, Tittley was on the board of directors of the bus lobby's Canadian Motor Coach Association and made representations to the government derailing competition from the trains. "I was, where I was there, as advocate of the bus industry, positive, of course," acknowledges Tittley. But he says he can still fairly adjudicate between the interests of trains and buses. "There is enough transportation need in Canada to have both modes operate at their optimum potential—and I prefer, believe that," Tittley declares.

Still, Via is not permitted to set fares below those of bus operators on competing routes. Says Tittley: "The policy of the ministry of transport is to ensure that all modes of transport are allowed to flourish within their respective markets without one having a detrimental effect on the other." In practice that means Pepin votes Via fares below those of the buses. Pepin himself has such a high opinion of motor coaches that he says there has been a "bus revolution" so significant in that it erases the bus. He justifies his lack of enthusiasm for rearing is better than ser-



CP's Royal Hudson 2842 leaving Montreal's Windsor Station in 1938. CHWAs protesters last week are empty computation



ries by saying that the public does not want trains and that rail travel is falling behind everywhere in the world.

There are, however, facts that belie that analysis. Since Via took over inter-city passenger trains from CN and CP in 1977, revenue passengers have increased by 41 per cent to 6.8 million in 1980. Pénin's pessimism, however, will be self-defeating: more than an million of those Via clients are losing their trains in his announced cuts. In the United States, where Via's equivalent, Amtrak, is now 16 years old, passenger traffic has increased to \$2.3 million. Since 16 million since 1972. And, contrary to the minister's suggestion that passenger trains are in worldwide decline, massive investments in modernization are under way in other countries. Great Britain is developing its APT (Ad-

vanced Passenger Train), and in September 1981 France inaugurated the 260 km/h TGV (Train de Grande Vitesse) between Paris and Lyon over double track exclusively dedicated to its use. In the process, the country's domestic airline, Air Inter, lost 61 per cent of its clientele between the two cities.

Canada, too, is at the forefront of modern, acronym-ridden train technology. Bombardier Inc.'s sleek LRC (Light, Rapid, Comfortable) is already in inter-city service between Montreal and Toronto, nearly a year after the first two LRCs entered Amtrak service between Boston and New York. Via has three LRCs in hand, with seven more trains to be delivered before January. The LRCs were to be assigned to replace the LCNs in Oct. 25's winter timetable, but, because maintenance crews were overloaded and had inadequate stocks of

spare parts, Via had to retreat at the last minute, even when they are operating on a daily schedule between Quebec City and Windsor, the LCNs will perform far below their potential. The LCN is constructed to travel at 200 km/h over conventional track, but, since they must share the Canadian rails with freight trains, and because of the number of level crossings on the route, their speed will be held to a maximum of 150 km/h. No faster than the existing Trans-Canada Turbo train, the LCNs are frustrating in the smoothness of their ride. Seats in each car cause the train to tilt into curves, thus exacerbating centrifugal forces acting on passengers. As a result, during this train passengers, who were used to the bumps and jolts of conventional equipment, consistently underestimated the LCN's ac-

curacy of central Canada, where Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau's Liberals have their greatest electoral strength.

Pénin, chairman of the 1978 Task Force on Canadian Unity, acknowledges the divide effect of his train cuts. "I know that this is one of the difficulties we have now that Westerners and Maritimers use the LCNs going into Ontario and Quebec and they say, 'What's in it for us?'" he acknowledges. "I hope to be able to live with it for a couple of years and demonstrate that the rationalization we are doing is very much in the interest of the unity of the country." Pénin claims that LCNs will be introduced to the Maritimes and Western Canada "within two or three years." He says the service will be paid for with money that Via will recover from the

about last electric trains powered by Labrador's electricity. A growing 14-hour bus route is the only regular link between 81 John's and Port-au-Prince since the withdrawal in 1968 of the legendary, narrow-gauge *Norfolk* (that name was bestowed by wartime servicemen, Newfoundlanders who have since the *Express* Express, since it met the ferry from Nova Scotia.) Joining the *Bullet* in the great roadhouse in the sky will be the *Halifax* to Montreal Atlantic, a train that had to run across sections last Christmas because of the holiday demand. "I don't know why they are making these cuts a month and a half before their busiest season," says Fredericton librarian Greg Blake, who says the train is a year to visit his mother in Montreal.

Another New Brunswick train that is being killed is the Moncton-Edmundston dayliner service, which stops at Chipman, a village of 3,000. "I wouldn't care so much if we had no service or something," says Mayor Murray Roberts. "But we haven't got a carred thing" Quebec is being the point train to New from Montreal to Montreal, which carried generations of doors to Laurentian holidays. Via trains used by hundreds of ministers in Montreal and Toronto are to be discontinued, but not until November, 1982, allowing enough time for provincial governments to take them over.

At the focus of Western Canadian anger is the loss of the Super Continental, which, eastbound, travels from Vancouver to Montreal via Jasper, Edmonton, Regina, Winnipeg and Ottawa. The remaining transcontinental, the Canadian, travels the southern route through Calgary, Regina, Winnipeg and Toronto. The Super Continental is to be partially replaced by dayliners between Toronto and Edmonton with a three-weekly service between Edmonton, Jasper and Prince Rupert. Jasper, particularly, is worried by the potential loss of tourists—including thousands of Japanese for whom a train trip through the Canadian Rockies has become a national tradition.

But the transcontinentals are expensive tourist attractions and, on last week's protest trains, passengers demonstrated, are often used for re-

laxity short trips by snowbound Canadians. Only one of the 30 Via protest trains who boarded the Super Continental in Vancouver travelled the distance to Ottawa. The others detoured 145 km down the line and returned home by bus. As long-distance transportation, the train is clearly far slower, not speed. New Brunswick MP Les Benjamin compared times and discovered that transcontinental service averaged 43 m.p.h. in 1982 and 30 m.p.h. today. It is the smaller communities along the Canadian National mainline that will be hurt most and fear that the daytime services replacing the Super Continental are preludes to total abandonment.

Some Transport 2000 members even harbor a deep distrust of the government's reasons for creating Via in the first place. More surprisingly, some transport department and Via management employees worry that Via's ultimate purpose is not to improve train service but to serve as the vehicle for its destruction. When passenger train operation was a legal responsibility of the railways, under the regulation of the Canadian Transport Commission, lawsuits were necessary before any law could be abandoned. In fact, the transport commission once ruled that the routes to disappear Nov. 15 should be maintained. But since Via's creation, the transport minister has the unilateral power of a child over his model train set, rearranging the layout and putting down lines with omnipotent abandon. And, because Via was not created by Parliament and is nothing more than a Crown corporation operating trains on contract from the trans-

port department, Pénin could—in the extreme—strip out the entire railway as swiftly as he has done the *Express*.

Roberts himself is an enthusiast, completely bilingual railwayman from Quebec City. His personal enthusiasm for passenger trains is evident, and he has encouraged "wildcat"—though technologically obsolete—plans for modern train systems. But Via's reasons existance hangs in constant jeopardy. Roberts wants the government to present a Via bill to Parliament, where the role, funding and future of passenger services could be debated and approved by law. Via's current paper status is of questionable legitimacy and Parliament's watchdog Joint Committee on Regulations and Other Statutory Instruments has been pressing Pénin all year to introduce legislation to give proper legal status to Via.

At first, Pénin claimed that legislation was being prepared. But when he was asked to set a date for its introduction, the minister replied: "There does not appear to be an immediate requirement for a Via Rail Canada Act."

The standing committee, however, noted that Via's creation in 1977 by means of a simple department of transport spending vote allows the government to bypass the public hearing process. That, said the committee, is a usurpation of the power of Parliament. In June, the joint Senate-Commons committee reported "Many important matters have been effectively fanned from Parliament's debate and disposition by the extensive and pre-emptive executive action that has already been taken." A month later, Pénin made his latest strike against the rail network, the first since the start of service while Parliament was in summer recess and unable to report.

Instead of waiting in the time waste, movement scrutinized, and last week's opposition politicians subjected Pénin to a rare parliamentary barrage just after he had been presented with a Transport 2000 pro-train petition signed by 50,000 Canadians. All but one of Maudy's Commons questions pertained to Via and on Thursday parliamentary committee lead adviser Graham Eglinton advised that Pénin's Act of order, by which the cuts are made, is without force because it was not duly registered in *The Canada Gazette*. The minister, who had affirmed a week

ago that the cuts would be made by regulation, was being prepared. But when he was asked to set a date for its introduction, the minister replied: "There does not appear to be an immediate requirement for a Via Rail Canada Act."

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earlier that there was not "a shadow of a doubt that we are legitimate," backed off by blaming his staff. "I was so busy with the committee that I assumed the rules and regulations were being followed," Pepin said. "Unless you have reason to doubt, you treat your lawyers."

It is partly on that technicality that the federal court has allowed the federal and Ontario governments to have a Saskatchewan court nullify Pepin's order. Conservative MP Sinclair Stevens claims Pepin's improper procedure invalidates layoff notices to 1,600 workers whose jobs disappear with the trains and that the three-month notice would have to be renewed.

More legal tribulations may be in the works in Moncton, where some northern communities depend on the Atlantic line that crosses through the state on its way from New Brunswick to Quebec. The U.S. Interstate Commerce Commission is considering whether or not to hold hearings on the Atlantic's shakedown. Public hearings in the United States would be an embarrassing irony for Pepin, who has refused such a forum to Canadians. The only public sessions were taken by the Conservatives during unofficial hearings in 11 cities in August and September. Their report, released last Friday, said that there is evidence Via membership has increased by up to 30 per cent in the past 12 months (Via officials refused to release their statistics for 1981). The government's methods, concluded the investigation report, "constitute a dangerous precedent for the further encroachment of Canada's transportation services."

In an unexpected move last week, the Canadian Railway Labor Association filed a request that the Canadian Transport Commission order CN and CP to ensure the passenger services they handed over to Via in 1977 and which are now being dropped. That tactic has the support of Conservative MP and former transport minister Don Macdonald. "There is a moral, statutory obligation of the CN and CP to provide rail services vacated by Via," says Macdonald. The desperate political and legal maneuvering to save the trains served above all to emphasize Via's own statutory vulnerability.

Via's president wants his railway protected by legislation that would give passenger trains a legal priority over freight and force CN and CP to stick to

quoted prices when submitting their bills to Via for the use of tracks and crews. For CN and CP, passenger traffic has moved from loss to profit under Via, since they are permitted to include a profit in their bills to Via. Worse, from Roberts' viewpoint, only the government may sue the railroad companies. "It is a horrible situation where we don't know for what we are spending two-thirds of our money," he argues.

Last year, Via paid CP \$60 million and CN \$80 million for running Via's trains. That is in addition to the \$45 million Via paid to the two railways for old locomotives and cars, which an unpublished government study said in 1973 were worth "pennies little" and which Roberts calls "old rocks." By contrast,

to design new transcontinental trains with bi-level sleeping cars. But the most sharing of his plans is a previously secret project to build Via its own tracks. Roberts wants an exclusive passenger right of way from Quebec City to Windsor using rights of way which, for the most part, already exist as lightly used freight lines. The passenger corridor would use CP's tracks where it runs from Quebec City to Trois-Rivières and Montreal, then pass through CN's tunnel under Mount Royal to skirt the marooned Marabel International Airport en route to Ottawa via Hawkesbury. From Ottawa, passenger trains would run directly to Kingston. There the tracks would parallel freight lines into Toronto and beyond to London and Windsor. If grade crossings were eliminated, the line could attain their 100 km/h operating speed, reducing travel time between Montreal and Ottawa to one hour from the current two hours, 20 minutes. Eventually, the system could be electrified.

Cost estimates have not been made, but a recent Queen's University study says a similar Montreal-Toronto diesel route could be set up for \$1 billion. An electrified system would cost \$2.5 billion, but would be cheaper in the long run. The whole thing, Roberts says, "could be in place 10 years after the decade."

Pepin, however, exhibits neither haste nor interest. Says the minister "The line was built to accommodate itself to the sort of lines we have now. That, apparently, is the beauty of it and, as far as I know, there is no

project now to have a track for freight and another for passengers." The minister dismisses arguments that vast sums of money were spent on highways and useless airports—totaling the \$375 million. He adds—and that rail should now have a fair share. "Marabel has been found to be a mistake, all right. Are we going to repeat the same mistakes everywhere because we have made one?" Pepin asks.

Trains clearly do not have a highbrow or Pepin's track to the future. Although he concedes that he can be "accused of being very conservative" in unilaterally cutting back passenger service, is this case rule by fat does not make the trains run on time.

Wick also from Anne Byrne, Carol Brown, David Fulton, William Gray, Randall Joyce, Gordon Luger, William Lueder and John Van Dusen.



Roberts: the shuffling pilot was ancient

Airtrak reimburses the private railways for their actual expenses but does not pay them a profit. Airtrak's cost to the U.S. taxpayer last year was \$681 million compared to Via's \$425 million. While Via's subsidy is actually rising this year to \$500 million, President Ronald Reagan and Congress cut Airtrak's subsidy to \$335 million for 1981, forcing Airtrak to wipe out 33 per cent of its system.

Via has plans to revive railway stations as thriving downtown transportation centres. Among the first to be renovated into inter-modal trains and bus terminals will be the old but elegant Quebec stations in Lévis, Trois-Rivières and Quebec City and, if an agreement is signed with Saskatchewan, Regina.

Roberts has also asked Via planners

# Ski Canada West

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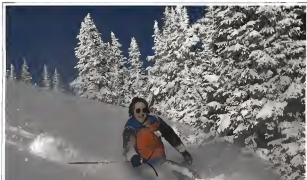
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## EDITORIAL

**T**he concept of "the West" is better understood than ever. As well, those who take a winter before book a do-week package. Unfortunately, however, agents in the West, let alone thousands of Mountain towns, anything about the Canadian area (except Road? or Winter).

After the last few crazy winter snow reports are so common, but there is no central source to call for up-to-date information on the West. Ski areas usually have their own reports, but they still have to do a better job of telling skiers in which detail exactly what conditions are like. If there are rocks showing on the run and so everywhere, I want to know about it.

Food is another failing. It is, almost without exception, terrible in all western ski areas. Stinky hot dogs, pea soup and condensed milk are about as imaginative in the kitchen get. Hungry skiers deserve nutritious snacks, home-made goodies - not doughs with pink icing, and something in the heavy ski-lift department: boudoir hairbrushes.

Hopefully, none of these problems are fixable. Despite the buzz of daily complaints, season development in the West is a constant and exciting change for Canadian skiers. If you haven't skied for a few years in Western Canada you will be pleasantly surprised - many of the little ski-innovated areas have suddenly grown up. But remember, it's all being done for you, and if you don't like something, speak up. Somebody is bound to pay attention.

ALAN GARDNER

Editorial Content: Alison Griffiths  
Design and Art Direction: Andrew Smith

MACLEAN'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE  
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CANADA

# Western Resorts: busting into the big leagues

## Banff

**L**ake Louise, Sunshine and Nanay together comprise the most visited skiing in Canada and their proximity to the world and agents of it will ensure them first access to a town that is better and more developed than most newly built ski resorts. The three areas are strategic locations where all federal, provincial and municipal park, state-wide development had to buy their way into the town, many visitors pass up Nanay on their way to Sunshine and Lake Louise, but now they have become accustomed to their challenges. Everything else seems almost too easy. Nanay is also blessed with history,

ski and each morning. After the first day, however, you'll find it isn't such an instant jack and the early start is a place of the town makes the short trip to the slopes worthwhile.

If Nanay is closest to Banff and lower slope, of the steepest terrain in the valley. Although there are a few easy runs, this is a mountain for those who aren't afraid of steep slopes and follow away runs that make you really go. If you don't go back through it, it's a little above the town, many visitors pass up Nanay on their way to Sunshine and Lake Louise, but now they have become accustomed to their challenges. Everything else seems almost too easy. Nanay is also blessed with history,

charm, mainly because it's the favorite of so many locals.

Sunshine, a few kilometers from the main town, is a ski resort that has made skiing and snow-free runs that are as wide open as you can find on a fairly busy day and still feel you have the world to yourself. The old town that used to be a town up to the arm along a picturesque trail are now gone, replaced by an impressive growth that makes you go up. There are two new lifts at Sunshine and plans will be developed of new runs on Goat's eye Mountain. The recently opened Tignes town, that makes access to the Banff area and provides some of the most beautiful views in the area. The snow at Sunshine is also

keeping good, low-edge, and the Banff resort West is also a great place to visit and see the scenery.





earlier and stays later than elsewhere, in the West and the slopes are unsophisticated for dependable spring skiing. Sunshine also boasts some superb cross-country skiing, and as long as heavy-skiers can manage a reasonably controlled snowplow for the season-downtail run, they can ride the lifts to the high alpine meadows. Once those the soaring gondolas are finished. For starters try heading along the airy route to Mt. Assiniboine or Egypt Lake.

Sunshine was one of the first areas in Canada to build an in-hill accommodation and the Sunshine Village Inn is still going strong. If you are looking for a mid-week getaway from a full week in the heart of the mountains, book a Sunshine Village via package. A new restaurant and bar just a few steps from the top add a little extra value. Of course, you can always hop on the shuttle for a more strenuous evening in the lift.

Lake Louise is an old area as far as ski lifts go, but it's changed a great deal since the day when its lifts were strong, out of sight and out of mind. The town is still a town, but it's now a town with a more sophisticated feel. There are still a few rustic inns, but the new style and Glacier chalets have cleaned most of them. The Summit T-bar was installed in 1976 and since then Lake Louise has been able to offer a direct

way of trails reaching the best in North America.

There are steep, wooded chutes off the Ptarmigan chair, back bowls, snow fields on either side of the Summit T, great wide cruising runs like the main's and western's downhill, and gently rolling trails for novice skiers. There are plans for more development aimed at getting skiers to the summit and the back bowls more efficiently. Lake Louise has also spread up its chutes with everything from two in-hill lift trails to a new lodge, the easy trail mountain Temple Lodge.

The most splendid feature of the Banff ski area, however, is the view - deep valleys, hanging glaciers and leafy-green forests - all of them visible from the route of Lake Louise, Sunshine and Maroon. It isn't uncommon to see just little knots of people standing by the side of the runs simply staring at the stupendous views around them.

Staring the Banff area is easier than ever before with the formation of Banff Club Ltd., a new organization that has brought in-to-area ski schools, lift ticket packages, ski weeks and bus services. In addition the three major airlines serving Calgary, CP Air, Air Canada and PW, all offer Banff ski packages.

## Whistler

After years of talk, absorption and intense competition, the Garibaldi mountain spans 100 km north of Vancouver finally has a world class ski resort made. But, in the process of turning Whistler into a classy destination for the international skier, there were a few who viewed the metamorphosis with alarm.

Whistler had always been a backcountry downhill area for Vancouver skiers. It was cozy and it was known as a skier's mountain. It did, however, have its leaders - the terrain was often too hard or too quiet for the average skier, and it was usually confined to local and moderate prices and access to the skiing was haphazard unless you took your own car.

Whistler didn't need to have feared. All that made the area beloved is an old-fashioned ski resort. The beauty of a brand new mountain, Blackcomb adjacent to Whistler, now gives the skier a dizzying variety of trails to enjoy. In fact it would be difficult to ski every run at both Blackcomb and Whistler in the normal

### five-day ski week.

Blackcomb's 36 km of trails cover 140 hectares of wooded slopes. The beauty of the mountain is that the runs are cut intelligently with an eye for aesthetics as well as function. Islands of trees are dotted throughout the trails, many of which branch halfway down to become dramatic alibons. Even novices don't have to spend their time getting bored on a bunny slope as the resort of the lifts. They can ride right to the top and cruise down the 11 km. Ski Road runs which amble gently around the perimeter of the area.

Blackcomb is going to become known as an intermediate's paradise. There are few places on the mountain that cannot be managed by advanced intermediates. It's also admirably suited to families because skiers of all abilities can sit on one chair and find different levels of terrain. The gradient of the runs makes Blackcomb different from many other top to bottom. Few of the trails are uniform from top to bottom. Most of the intermediate runs have different pitches and the easier runs incorporate slightly more challenging sections.

While all the fans were being carried off Blackcomb, Whistler mountain wasn't languishing in the shadows. Garibaldi Lake has received \$5.6 million and last summer three new cable-chairs

were installed on the mountain's north face. This means skiers can start skiing from the flashy new Whistler Village mall and avoid the line-up at the gondola and Olive chair.

The twelve brand-new runs on the north face of Whistler put the mountain once again on the map as a world-class ski resort. All ski school spectators for that level will be shooed to the new side-trail advantage of the 549 metres of beginner runs. The snow on the north side is also more stable than the snow around the old base lodge area. As a result, spring skiers may be able to ski all the way to the bottom instead of riding the last chair down, a practice that was common to the past.

The last change that visitors to Whistler will notice is not the hundreds of hectares of new skiing but the erosion of an entire village at the foot of the Blackcomb lift with access to the chairs on Whistler's north face, restaurants, shops, restaurants, pubs and promenades have turned an empty field into a European community. It's all part of the continuing urban development of a year-round resort featuring golf, tennis, swimming, water skiing, and, of course, skiing.

Getting to Whistler is becoming easier each year. The winning 100 km drive from Vancouver hasn't changed much,

although parts of the highway have been widened and upgraded. Bus service has improved, however - the Fraser Coast now regularly drops the city into Whistler. There is also a morning and evening rail. Still you can fly into the nearby town of Squamish and if you officials have anything to do with it, a landing strip will be constructed in Whistler to accommodate planes connecting to the Vancouver airport.

For Canadian skiers Whistler is now a resort to be reckoned with. Where in the world can you find two giant mountains, over 400 hectares of terrain and a quaint village nestled in all of the mountain skiers now demand! All that and only two hours from Vancouver as well. Advice for this year's back early, ski weeks are going to be at a premium.

## Panorama

A few years ago Panorama Mountain was a glorified backwater to British Columbia skiers. Its main claim to fame was spectacular views of the Selkirk and Purcell mountain ranges that crowded into sight around every corner. But lately Panorama, in south-eastern B.C., has been going after bigger game and now it is building to become one of the

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# Ski Team '81: healthy and hungry



The 1980-81 competitive ski season was full of euphoric highs and crushing lows for Canada's alpine team. Eight youngsters popped out of the woodwork, surprising everyone with their performance and it began to seem, for the first time, that the Canadian team was beginning to acquire some much-needed depth. But on the disappointment side, Calgary skier Ken Read's tantalizing hopes to become the first North American world downhill champion came to a cruel end on the Kandahar course in Garmisch-Partenkirchen with a horrendous crash near the finish line, spilling the rest of the season covering a shattered knee. Chris Kien of Calgary, one of Canada's most promising downhill men, placed fourth in the season opener at Val d'Isère — his first World Cup race. But he was forced to leave the circuit with a knee injury after the second race in Val Gardena, Italy. Roberto di Stere Poldoske, named in a brilliant season, wearing three consecutive downhill at St. Moritz, Garmisch-Partenkirchen and Kitzbühel — performances which put him in the same

league as downhill legends Roland Colla and Probst Klemmer, the only other skiers ever to accomplish the same feat. But at the season's end, Austria's Hans Wenzler edged him out of first place.

Now, after a long summer of rest, training and preparation, the team is prepared for the 1980-82 World Cup. And, if the summer practice runs are a harbinger, the team could better their performance of last year. The main season training began in New Zealand in August. Ken Read was the only A team skier on the men's downhill squad to make the journey south. For him, the trip was a crucial test for his knee.

"Ken did some fine skiing, to my big eyes," says Ed Champagne, Administrative Director of the Canadian Ski Association Alpine Division. "He was the insurance for the downhill race in the New Zealand

Championships and his knee held out beautifully. He's in great shape now."

Chris Kien also recovered remarkably well over the summer. But not all skiers' season hupens during the racing season as Poldoske discovered when he took a spill from his hyperic in the spring and broke his collarbone. The "Doc" however, like his teammates, came back quickly and

**Podowski: brilliant season**

raised his summer training.

There was good news in New Zealand for other skiers besides Read. Robin McInnis of Kamloops, Ontario placed first in one of the downhills and then came back to finish second the next day. He will be skiing on the downhill at the season.

The bad news this summer came when Rosengard announced it was pulling out of the men's competition pool. That meant new Canadian skiers including Dave Murray, McInnis and Tim Gilchrist of Kelowna, B.C. were forced to find different skis — a serious problem in a sport of millisecond differences. They all chose Atomic skis for a time testing camp in Zermatt, Switzerland. Despite the difficulty using new equipment, head coach John Kitzbie says he is delighted and a little surprised at the speed the skiers have managed on the new skis.

In September, the entire men's and women's ski team flew to Austria for early season conditioning on the Hahnenplan glacier. The scaled down training schedule devised by Kitzbie for the men and the increased weight training program for the women paid off.

Indeed, in a new wrinkle this year, the men's downhill team may have to share the spotlight. The women's team appears to have downhill speed skiers and in

deeds of lockdown performance, evidenced only by Kathy Brenner's 1976 Olympic gold slalom gold. The skier to break the dry spell was Garry Serrento. The 22-year-old training squad member came out of the gate in Hah, Austria on Feb. 8 last year wearing number 30. Less than two minutes later she was the winner of her first World Cup downhill, much to the amazement of the top seeded skiers. Serrento, as expected, skied consistently and well throughout the summer and fall. She was scored in good clockings by two recovering skiers, Laurie Graham of Inverwood, Ontario and Duane Lebedev of Calgary. Both Graham and Lebedev were injured last year.

"The women's coach Garry Champagne is quite confident the girls are on their way up," says Ed Champagne. "Laurie Graham is one to watch and she's an excellent climber. Garry is really impressed with Lebedev and she's been doing a lot of weight to give her more strength, which she really needed."

The most surprising darkhorse this season was a youngster from Frederic, B.C., Duane (Dorinda) Haight, 16, who quietly captured the Europe Cup, a series of European races that are the proving ground for most world champions. Haight is quick at the start, has strong skis and in

the top ten everywhere else. She jumped around from giant slalom to slalom and downhill, showing herself to be an unusual athlete in an age of strong specialists. Haight, Serrento, Graham, Lebedev and newcomer Sherry Leavitt of Calgary may be able to produce the same kind of downhill excitement that has made the men's team world champions.

The team men on the downhill A team, Read, Poldoske, Dave Irwin and Dave Murray will have their work cut out for them working off young teammates as well as European opponents. Chris Kien, Tim Gilchrist, Champagne's Doug Kien, Calgary's Jean O'Rourke and Gary Adams of Kelowna are all strong skiers with the potential to take the medals at the top of the World Cup circuit.

It may also be the last season for Serrento Irwin and Murray, even Ken Read might announce his retirement. If these skiers are to go out with a notable triumph, they couldn't pack a better year. The men's world championships, held every two years, will be run Feb. 7 in Schladming, Austria, a course at which Canadians have always excelled. The women can have their back on their side too — their world championship downhill will be in Hah, Austria, the scene of Garry Serrento's big win last year.

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For reservations at the Sunshine Inn call 403/762-2001

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# Snow-cats: grinding to the powder

There is a peculiar disease that afflicts many skiers who have attained the level of a dignified snowplow. It's called vertical fever. It strikes at the beginning of six weeks, during a healthy round of spent ski holidays or on the morning when the snow has fallen, the sun is shining and you have arrived in time for the best lift of the day.

Some skis, such as Jackson Hole, Wyoming offer awards for skiers who risk 40,000 to 45,000 vertical metres in five days. But the place where everyone really wants to earn their vertical trophies is in backcountry, on glaciers, down low powder runs and on slopes undisturbed by the common hoards. Lifted securely the way to reach this nirvana was to sign up for helicopter skiing, an undignified but extremely pricey proposition.

Fortunately there is a relatively little-known alternative. It began in southern British Columbia a few years ago when Allen Drury opened a snow-cat skiing operation in Meadow Creek, 39 km from Kamloops. Now the Drury's have become a household name in the West as skiers

Northern Snow-Cat. At its peak, Drury's later located 75 km southeast of Kamloops.

Snow-cat skiing is simply helicopter skiing without the helicopter. An over-manned snowmobile with a covered, heated cab straddles skiers up the side of the mountain, drops them off at the top of an untrodden powder run and picks them up again at the bottom for the grind to another slope.

You have all the advantages of helicopter skiing - wilderness, virgin snow, the steep and the deep, with none of the disadvantages - expense, crowding and flights postponed because of inclement weather. Even on the driest days when fire already the lower slopes of the Selkirk mountains, the Coast Northern and Selkirk Wilderness snow-cats can still ferry their passengers to the top. Visibility can be a problem with helicopter skiing

on glacier-covered peaks. Snow-cat skiers, on the other hand, can easily spend a day ascending one vertical climb in the time even though the higher slopes are covered in a white-out. The variety of skiing is enormous and it isn't too difficult to reach 4,500 to 5,400 vertical metres each day, making for a glorious physical holiday of racing, skiing and sleeping.

Selkirk Wilderness is centred around a Selkirk Mountain Club headquarters located



Hooking up vertical metres in powder on steep and deep. Snow-cat skiers another load (above).

know each of them and after a few years you have discovered who picks a good line and who can figure right your turns in a pinch.

Then new wrinkles in backcountry skiing cannot, however for the simple. Both the Coast Northern and Selkirk Wilderness are somewhat that skiers, 2-4 skiers, one condition, and be able to ski in a more intermediate level on hard pack. Skiers need a good of powder skiers to know how to ski. As long as they have a good skis, they can ski. They can pick up a snowcat and ski up technique after a few days of work. Prices at both areas range from \$100 to \$200 a day. Skiers can ski in the snowcat, including all meals. If you want to ski in the snowcat, skiers should book in advance. Coast Northern and Selkirk Wilderness are, quite honestly, the best in the world. They are the best in the world. The demand is generally high.

For more information write to Selkirk Wilderness Skiing Ltd., 1000 10th St. W., Kamloops, BC V2C 1A1. Tel: (250) 835-1111. Fax: (250) 835-1112. Selkirk Wilderness Skiing Ltd., 1000 10th St. W., Kamloops, BC V2C 1A1. Tel: (250) 835-1111. Fax: (250) 835-1112.

best, just going, skiing on a mountain, skiing on the snow. Everyone is nervous, after skiing, and the skiers live up to their promise as happy, delicious here.

Coast Northern Snow-Cat Skiing is based in Trout Lake's famous. Number 1000, built during the last century to accommodate the influx of tourists skiers during the gold rush. The world famous, built on a low, by and skiers are dropped off on Thompson's. Coast Northern mountains for runs that rise up to 3,500 vertical metres. There are open bowls, gentle, incredible, long view, where you want to ski. Between runs and low, it's not, being the trouble.

Both the snow-cat skiing operations of trail in summer that is, extremely hard to find in winter. Skiers can become nervous. (250) 835-1111. Fax: (250) 835-1112. Selkirk Wilderness Skiing Ltd., 1000 10th St. W., Kamloops, BC V2C 1A1. Tel: (250) 835-1111. Fax: (250) 835-1112.

## Deck skis: the problem with packages

One of the clearest retail strategies adopted by the ski industry in recent years has been the practice of selling equipment in packages. Skis, boots, poles and bindings can be purchased for a single price considerably lower than the consumer would pay if each were bought separately. There are, however, problems with packages. One of the most irritating takes the form of the "house brand" or "deck" ski as it is known in the trade.

Sport shops are littered with deck skis and their proliferation is creating a brand name jungle for skiers considering what your choice is quite simple. Renters want skis that can be identified with their store. Manufacturers have

recognized that rental cars have developed low and mid-priced skis that range from as many designers as there are stores, leaving a mess. The house ski doesn't change, only the cosmetics. A single ski can have features of different faces, so Model X becomes skizman in one store, Cruise to smelter and Claver in yet another. Generally only stores that buy in large quantities can afford their own ski. As a result, department stores, chains and franchises are where you will commonly find the deck ski.

On the surface it is an innocuous practice, but it creates comparison shopping extremely difficult. When you stack with regular line models that are the same or better which more sells them, it is easy to

find the lowest price. But people who buy equipment in packages are usually concerned with cost and the confusion caused by deck skis makes it tough to grasp a bargain. You might think that knowing the identity of the "innies" ski, or even what the deck ski is equivalent to in a manufacturer's regular line would make comparison shopping easy. Unfortunately that and even owners of many stores can't supply that information.

Although house brands proliferate in large sport stores, they are also becoming attractive to specialty stores. Customers often come to specialists for advice about equipment and then turn around and buy in a department or chain store that is able to undercut the specialty operation. Smaller shops are now stacking decks in self-defense. Deck skis are also appealing to manufacturers because they can recycle last year's stock with the benefit and sell them at this year's prices. Deck skis are also offered to retailers at a lower cost, but there's a catch - the manufacturer usually withholds the customary guarantee.

One way to avoid the confusion of deck skis according to some experts, is to ask the salesperson to show you a cross-section of the ski. Then you can examine the construction and compare it to other skis. But it seems like a lot of work just to buy a ski and most people who are interested in packages and housebrands don't understand the basics of ski construction anyway.

Deck skis are not considered to be worthy in the trade. On the contrary, most manufacturers and retailers think they make good business sense. There is certainly nothing wrong with offering house brands to consumers, and there is nothing wrong with producing certain models in large quantities or full size packages in the low and mid-priced categories. What is needed, however, is some method of providing a consistent disclaimer for deck skis. Just as drug suppliers are required to label drugs with their ingredients, so manufacturers should be required to either state the ski construction in the regular line name of the ski. Thus Kamers, Cruise and Claver would all have Model X printed somewhere on the ski. Retailers could still tell skis that are unique to their store and manufacturers could still offer package prices and dressed up versions of last year's models. The only difference would be that the generic information would allow the consumer to compare.

In the short term, however, it doesn't appear that much will change in the marketing of deck skis. So, if you are in the market for a ski package on a low to mid-priced ski that season your only guideline to finding the best value is correct supplier

## X-Country resorts: Rancho Deluxe

A little sliver of serene, outdoor, cross-country, has become almost as popular as hockey in Canada. No matter what the downhill lovers tell you, nothing gets compared with the open space, rolling hills, untouched forests and the simple quiet feeling while sliding along on skis alone. The latest deep water development designed to take the needs of skiers is the backcountry which offering rustic comfort, home cooked meals and endless kilometers of groomed tracks.

Nowhere has this trend taken over more than in the West. It seems that every little township in every accessible mountain range is being transformed by cross-country skiers. Happily, both the trails and the ranches attempt to sink into their surroundings so skiers who come looking for the wilderness will find it.

Unfortunately not every area yet exists for ski touring centers in Canada. This has caused many of the established ranches in the West. They have built backcountry-style cabins to lodges fitting with the landscape.

**Lake O'Hara Lodge, Box 1677, Radium, Alberta, T0L 0C6. (403) 343-6418.**

The ghosts of mountaineering immortal figures coexist in this high valley. The lodge, built in 1925 by the CPR, provides accommodations for 16, styled wine, blasting fires and these excellent meals a day. Local touring on established trails, open clinics and powder bowls in superb. Skiers should have some experience and you can only get to the lodge by skis or by the highway, about 15 km. Several guiding outfits exist nearby if you want to arrange an extended ski tour. **Circle H Mountain Lodge, Box 7, Jernand, Clinton R.C. V0K 1B0 (403) 459-2565.**

The summer guest ranch now takes winter visitors as well. There are 75 km of trails, many of them suitable for all levels. The lodge sits right in the middle of the Caribou mountains in central B.C., a range of big, rugged peaks. Accommodations in the main lodge or log cabins and



Knowing light trails Lake O'Hara Lodge, snow sliding into the wilderness

ferries are welcome to take advantage of the helicopter service. Meals, cooked on a wood stove, are EXCEL. **106 Kanch House, Box 2, R.R. No. 1, 100 Mile House, B.C. V0K 2B8. (403) 667-2334.**

The 108 is also located in the Caribou, and it's now a year-round resort with more amenities than most of the other lodge centers. When you aren't skiing you can enjoy a sauna, whirlpool, snowmobiling, fishing and sleigh rides. There are wilderness trails through the rolling country, as well as nearly 70 km of ski tracks. Housekeeping units are available, or you can take your meals in the dining room.

**The Flying U Guest Ranch, 70 Mile House, B.C. Box 69, Caribou Road, B.C. V0K 2K8. (403) 456-7717.**

By accident it is a working cattle ranch and by winter cross-country skiers enjoy its remote, historic atmosphere. The original lodge is over 100 years old. Guests stay in private cabins and gather around the huge stone fireplace to warm and watch used horses. There are 26 km of groomed trails but guests can also ski through the woods, along meadows and across the lake.

**Skoki Lodge, Village Lake Louise Ltd., Box 5, Lake Louise, Alberta. (403) 522-8555.**

The old lodge, built in 1930, is the secret hideaway of many Alberta skiers. It is nearly 65 to 70 years old but has been

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slowly returned and now it will certainly see the next century. There is nowhere in the West that approaches the scenic grandeur of this area. Skiers are rewarded by continuous glaciers and hard-edge ridges as far as the eye can see. Trails are 11 km. from the alpine ski gondola at Lake Louise. This little resort keeps the casual skiers busy. Book early for the lodge. It only sleeps 22 and there are always a long list of diversions ready to return to the **Wild Cariboo Lodge, Box 27, Lee la Piche, B.C. V0K 1V0. (604) 396-4422.**

This region is another hub of Cariboo skiing and it is also the start of the annual Cariboo cross-country ski marathon. You have today a long time to take all 500 km of trails and places are being made to expand the network. When you tire of skiing, ice fishing and snowmobiling, you can simply relax by the fire. **Sanderson Guest Ranch, Box 469, Ashcroft, B.C. V0K 1A6. (604) 433-2422.** The Cariboo aspen forest will roll right over your skis as this resort. It is claimed that the resort retains and offers more amenities than most. Skiing is dependent on snow, but you need little to ski on here since the flat desert is sandy covered. There are lots of non-skiing activities and the food is very good.

**Callisto Lake Country Inn, Box 347,**



**Cross-country ski ranch finds vast quantities of home-cooked fare**

**Merula, B.C. V0K 2B0. (604) 376-5324.**

This is another aspen forest resort where a ranch train has lots of rustic charm for touring. Accommodation is in the lodge and cabins. It is a popular spot and some skiers say they go to this place as they can live on the vast quantities of home-cooked fare.

**Lefkane Resort, Box 780, Kamloops, B.C. (604) 372-7722.**

There is varied skiing here for beginners and advanced skiers on 16 km of marked trails. **Callisto Lake Country Inn, Box 347,**

and there are also ice hockey skating rinks overlooking the lake. Snowmobiling and ice fishing are handy and the lodge will warm your wind-chilled cheeks at the end of the day.

**Knockdown Hostel, Box 707, Merritt, B.C. V0K 2B0. Merritt Radio Channel, 618-1407.**

This ranch is really two ranches cross, the Knockdown and Chawway Lakes. The latter offers miles of wilderness trails, ice fishing, skating and snowmobiling with accommodation in housekeeping cabins. If you feel like being pampered you can choose the **American Plan** with meals in the main lodge. The **Hostel** is a working ranch which doubles as a base camp for Chawway Lakes. The area is in the Shuswap Valley about 60 km. west of Merritt.

**Beverfoot Nordic Team, Golden, B.C. V0A 1H8. (604) 346-3226 or 346-3285.**

Beverfoot Lodge was built in 1920 and today houses a unique ski touring center. Only 12 people can be housed in bunks on the lodge's upper floor so the trails are always uncrowded. You can ski on your own or take advantage of a guided tour. The high alpine country is also accessible on overnight trips into Selkirk Mountain cabin. Transportation is provided from Golden, B.C. (604) 346-3226.

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## BUSINESS

# Steeling for a long and costly strike at Stelco

By Ian Austin

At first it was a bit of a lark. When the 15,000 steelworkers at Stelco Inc.'s giant Hiltion Works in Hamilton walked off the job with 15,400 workers at other steel plants in Ontario and Quebec last summer, many of them saw it as an extended vacation. They bouted to supervisors—who passed through the picket lines to report for work—about their plans for an afternoon of golf.

That was three months ago. Now, in the lengthening fall shadows, talk among the strikers has turned from broadsides and greens to woodworking and other money-making schemes. Last week one of the strikers, a hopper truck

driver for 21 years at the plant, pulled on a cigar as he watched a group of picketers silently warning themselves at a fire outside the main Hiltion gate. "Some guys on their first strike used to think this was a joke," he said. "They've learned. It's no fun."

But it is not just the pressures of living on as little as \$48 a week strike pay that has removed any traces of festivity from the pickets. For the past two months the Hiltion workers and 1,200 Stelco employees in five Quebec plants have been the only holdouts in a strike that ritually shatters down half of Canada's steel industry. The others—many of them Stelco employees—accepted a package that the industry says is worth 84 7/8¢ an hour over the next three years. But the settlement isn't good enough for Local 1009 and its leader, Carl Taylor—an avowed nationalist and a member of

the radical arm of the New Democratic Party. Taylor charges that the package will still cause his members' wages to lag behind inflation and he is sticking to his original demand for a 45¢-an-hour increase in the first year and a 50¢ increase in the second. The company has offered 75¢ an hour in the first year and 25¢ in each of the last two years of a three-year agreement.

While Taylor—who came to Stelco from British coal mines 30 years ago—has won over much of his local with his tough stance, others say they would have resigned what they wanted a long time ago if it had not been for him. "Taylor won't compromise," picket captain Al Wickett says. "And he means politics with his job. That's not right."



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Gordon (left), strikers outside Hiltion (above) picketers Gene Bustin and Payne, the solution seems obvious



But in Taylor's defense, other Hiltion workers argue that this may be the last time they will be in a strong bargaining position. The 1,100-acre Hiltion Works has been the keystone of Stelco's operations since the company was formed in 1959. But last summer its perch on the throne was threatened by the opening of the \$130-million Lake Erie plant in nearby Nanticoke. The Lake Erie workers went back on the job in August but the land-based plant still isn't large enough to help Stelco offset the Hiltion shutdown. (Last week Stelco announced a three-quarter loss of \$1.5 million.)

But corporate plans are to upgrade Lake Erie—which is now the most modern plant of its kind in North America—in a fully integrated operation by the time the next contract rolls around. That, the Local 1009 members fear, will allow their employer to weather any future Hiltion strikes for a long time.

Far from the grips of either plant—at Stelco's downtown Toronto headquarters—Peter Gordon, the company's chairman and chief executive officer, admits that Lake Erie is a factor but he denies that he is trying to get his em-



ployees against each other. "I understand what the workers are trying to do. But I also understand how the company has got to react, and we're strongly committed to insisting that Lake Erie plant," Gordon says. "We've got to go ahead and we've got to have the money to do it."

While Gordon says contract talks have not gone any real progress since the strike began, he blames the strike "the solution appears to be obvious. The pattern of settlements is already there."

But not just Stelco and the striking workers are suffering from the upward standoff. High interest rates make it impossible for most of Stelco's customers to build up stockpiles. When their supplies run short, they were not able to turn to the two other major Canadian suppliers—Al-



gens-Steel Corp. Ltd. and unannounced Defiance Inc.—because both are fully booked. As a result, they would up using their weak Canadian dollars to bring in steel from the U.S. and Europe.

And while most of Ontario is trapped in a general economic slump, the strike has made it even worse in Hamilton. Several thousand fewer jobs are attending the Tiger Cats home games and merchants worry that even if the strike ends soon, it will still harm their Christmas business because the steelworkers will be struggling to get out of debt.

But with Gordon saying that his company and the nation must afford to offer the workers any more, and the local sticking with Taylor, it does not seem likely that a settlement is near. Already the picketers have used empty Styrofoam coffee cups to fern a giant Yuletide offering to Gordon on the rusting plant fence. "I guess, the guys are going to stick with it," plant electrician John Payne says. "But when the first heating bill comes we'll see if they still feel that way." □

## The empty sock syndrome

When Finance Minister Allan Rock pegged the interest rate on Canada Savings Bonds (CSBs) at 10.5 per cent in September, he said sales for this year's issue would be brisk. But Mr. Rock probably did not expect the overwhelming public response. The powerful demand for the bonds forced him to reduce the limit on purchases from \$10,000 to \$15,000, and this week a new buying

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## Dividing up the dog team

In today's cut-or-beaten world of oil and gas, it was not a spectacular deal. Marathon Oil Co. of Findlay, Ohio—the 17th largest U.S. oil company—had just purchased Husky Oil Co. of Calgary, Alta. The deal, appropriately, was done in a Detroit oil refinery meeting room, the signing carried out not by bosses but by two vice-presidents. Even the grant of \$600 million (U.S.) to complete the deal in the big leagues. What followed, however, was one of the biggest plays of the year. No one knew the Husky deal been struck than Marathon itself because the target of a stunning \$1.4-billion take-over bid by Mobil Corp. of New York.

For Canadian energy watchers, last week's sale of Husky Oil Ltd. to U.S. operators in Manhattan was part of a much richer tale. For one thing, Calgary-based Husky itself represents one of the most colorful chapters in recent Canadian corporate history. For another,



Husky's Blair some future directions

the deal illuminates some of the future directions for the Canadian oil and gas industry. Husky used to be a largely U.S.-owned company controlled from its Wyoming headquarters by the Nielson family, devout Canadian-born Mormons who founded the firm in 1938. But in the past three years, Husky has been converted into the cornerstone of an aggressively Canadian energy megacorporation. The first expansion followed the dramatic June 1978 take-over by SNC, an Alberta Corporation (then Alberta Gas Trunk Line Company Ltd.) led by nationalist Robert Rasmussen, who ousted Petro-Canada and Occidental Petroleum Corp. of Los Angeles.

Following a complete reorganization of Husky's operations, Rasmussen's decision to sell the U.S. assets (including land, wells, three refineries and about 800 gasoline outlets) in order to reinvest the proceeds in Canada further demonstrated SNC's outspoken support of the National Energy Program. It is expected that Rasmussen will use some of the proceeds of the sale to reduce the company's accumulated debt of \$400 million (Canadian), a problem shared by equally pro-Canada Oxy Petroleum—which is struggling to announce its Bearfoot gas drilling results this week. Afterward, investment analysts disagreed as to whether Husky got the best price for its U.S. properties (which had been estimated at between \$625 million and \$1 billion U.S.), as well as about whether SNC had been sold its U.S. assets at all. But then Bob Blair has long had a way of proving his critics wrong. —ANTHONY WITTENBERG

Scott Hylands has been touted this season as Stratford Festival director John Hinch's most talented find. But working with Brian Bedford, Derek deKoeke and Hirsch himself is not enough to keep the Yellowknife-born actor on native soil. After a three-week run at Stratford's closing play, *Wild Oats*, at the National Arts Centre in Ottawa, Hylands is heading back to Los Angeles, where he has spent the past 19 years playing Shakespeare roles and acting in the occasional movie (*Death Wish*, *The Pope in Company*). The 38-year-old protean says he enjoyed his "theatrical subculture" in lovely Stratford and would like to return next year. "I had these good roles, all critically acclaimed, and they gave me a life to live as 'What's to complain?'" Better opportunities await him south of the border, however. "The Toronto theatre scene just doesn't have the chances or the money. And I do have to pay those bills."



Norwood with a Kariakos: zero feelings

most barren studio—is the first dancer he has photographed since. The result is a combination of a soul-search and isolation reminiscent of Edgar Degas' ballet paintings. Says Harwood: "Working with Kariakos was like dancing at Dover Gardens. You have the sense feeling that all the dancers from the past are in the wings watching." The photographs, on exhibition at Toronto's Jane Gaskin Gallery, will tour Canada next year.

After extensive cost analysis, Miracle Food Mart slashed prices on 2,000 items in its 10 Ontario stores last week by an average of 18.5 per cent. Caught with egg on its corporate face, the chain's major competitors labelled the move a "disruptive ploy." Not said they, too, would lower prices. Then they had to figure out what Miracle was charging. Spies abound. It is one Miracle store *Shiva Cooper*—a customer—was spotted by a vigilant store clerk for writing down the prices of better than three genuine price checkers from Loblaw's were charged with public mischief after they refused to leave their posts in two Miracle stores. While the price war continues, shoppers in the east of the country have reason to wait. Speculators for Loblaw's, Dominion and even Miracle's parent, Stenberg Inc., say there are no plans to escalate the war in areas not served by Miracle. —KEITH B. BARRON/MCTVIEWS



Stratford's delight: light Hylands

Harris may do 'Camelot' in a wheelchair

Despite rumors to the contrary, ailing actor Richard Harris, 59, swears he will make his Broadway debut as King Arthur in *Camelot* next week. A serious breakdown compounded by hypoglycemia forced the reformed brawler off the stage and into Miami's Pritikin Longevity Center nearly a month ago. But a special diet and 18 km of jogging a day seem to have improved his health and reinforced his determination. "I've dreamed of appearing on Broadway all my life," says Harris, who originally played Arthur 14 years ago on film. The gruffing pair of towering, eight-arms in five days—was more than his stage predecessor, an aging and arthritic Richard Burton, could stand. "Burton and I are different

men," says Harris. "This is the culmination of my life's work [and] I will do it in a wheelchair." The show may go on. Vanessa Howard, 38, principal dancer with the National Ballet of Canada, is best known for the sultry, vamp-like quality she imparts to her roles. At 18, she played a prostitute in *The Duke's Progress*, and her interpretation of the Black Swan has been called "larceny." Yet it was the cerebral vulnerability of Harwood as Juliet that caught the eye of world-renowned photographer Ansel Kariakos. The exa who gained a reputation as a dressmaker in Paris 60 years ago, turned to fashion photography in 1936 after a feud with the American Ballet Theatre. Harwood—captured alone in an enor-



## WORLD

# Drifting toward military rule

By Peter Levits

Shop factories around the city. More than 100,000 people in the old town took up the urban and students locked the main gate of Warsaw University on the Krakowska Przechodnia. Then, they unfurled a large white banner. It bore, in huge black letters, was the word that has haunted a deep fracture into Polish society over the past 15 months—*Wojna* (War). And then, they unfurled a banner that read, in large black letters, was the word that has haunted a deep fracture into Polish society over the past 15 months—*Wojna* (War). And then, they unfurled a banner that read, in large black letters, was the word that has haunted a deep fracture into Polish society over the past 15 months—*Wojna* (War).

Within hours, the central committee of Poland's Communist party gathered to thunder against the walkout. Party stalwarts charged that Solidarity was employing strike terrorism to wreck the economy, and, they urged their communist country to pull itself together behind Gen. Wojciech Jaruzelski, the unassuming career soldier who 10 days earlier had been named the country's third leader in 14 months.

After expelling an cabinet members, Jaruzelski himself went before parliament last Friday to present a bill sus-

pending the right to strike, one of the major official concessions to Solidarity in last year's Gdansk accords. But in a speech that appeared to carry more bluster than bite, the general indicated that the bill would be put through only if a spate of wildcat strikes currently paralyzing many parts of Poland continues and parliament, for its part, continued itself Jaruzelski with a call for an end to the stoppage. The wish to see the strikers back at work, in fact, put Jaruzelski and Solidarity on common ground. The union had hoped that a short, sharp nationwide walkout would serve to reel its leaders back. But in that the strike was a failure. At week's end, at least 250,000 workers were still off the job and the union had to issue its own orders for a return to work.

The truth was that many Solidarity members were angry that the central committee had failed to offer Lech Walesa and his aides the role—perhaps as a coalition government—that had been anticipated ever since Archbishop Jozef Glemp, the country's primate, first raised the idea in mid-October.

Earlier in the week there were strong rumors that the Soviet Union, alarmed by a recent, bitter loss in Communist party membership, had activated contacts with Solidarity in order to broaden its influence in Poland.



Like plant rock closely at the gates.

Western diplomats said the leaders were put out by meekness-rank Soviet Embassy staff. But Solidarity itself and Soviet Ambassador Boris Artyukhin firmly denied that any kind of courtship was in progress.

They could hardly have done otherwise. Still, the bombastic central committee proceedings seemed to be yet another collection that, if Solidarity is to join the government with Soviet approval, such a development is some way down the road. Party chiefs kept up a tirade against the union and, so far as government changes went, confined themselves to confirming Jaruzelski's assumption of the posts of party first secretary, premier and defense minister. They also exhorted another general, Florian Sivinski, into the ruling path. This decision, coming on top of the deployment of soldiers throughout the country, seemed to confirm a drift toward military rule.

If Solidarity was disappointed in its hopes that Walesa's strike would draw the wildcat's claws, it was also

Walesa at only a desolated cemetery

slightly damaged by the tarant. Many stores in the big cities remained open and—more significantly—workers in a number of plants stayed at their machines. An aide at the semi-official Interpress agency attributed the rather sluggish response to a warning bulletin for the strike weapon. "There have been too many walkouts, for too many false reasons—and too few results," he said. "The strike is a divided movement." That fact, however, is unlikely to tempt Jaruzelski to undertake a swift and brutal crackdown. Solidarity's support at the grassroots is still rock steady.

Far removed from such rations of high strategy, ordinary Poles last week were busying themselves with the all-absorbing task of keeping health and home together. The only foods in regular supply were vegetables, apples, pickles and tea. Finding other supplies for a decent meal was a battle. But most housewives succeeded, although a government report last week stated that 30,000 children are suffering from severe malnutrition and another 200,000 from undernourishment.

It has also become a battle to keep warm, clean and healthy. An autumn cold spell and a ruling that indoor heating must be held down to 15°C have prompted city dwellers to run department stores for warm clothing and quilts. Neighborhood associations are telling people how to insulate themselves by padding clothing with newspapers—and their homes. A shortage of soap and toilet articles has been felt almost as keenly as the scarcity of food, while dwindling gasoline supplies have thinned out the number of private cars on city streets.

Poland, in the words of a young do-

tor, has become a "rich man's Bangladesh." And under these circumstances the choice of military rule does not particularly disturb his countryman. Most of them admit the army, and tend to see Jaruzelski not just as a protector against Moscow but as a man who might be able to solve their other problems.

However, the badly sick Zbigniew Wozniak was right to conclude that no amount of supervision can keep black market prices from spiraling in bad times. "With full respect for the soldiers," it added, "there is only one remedy against profiteers—full shops." For the restless workers, too, well-stocked shelves would go a long way toward settling the difficulties.

## SWEDEN

# More than a sub to salvage

The night gun Swedish fishermen Ingemar Svensson the fright of his life. "I thought at first I was dreaming," he declared. "Then I realized it was a Russian ship. It put the fear of God into me." Svensson's was the first sighting last week of the Soviet "Whiskey-class" submarine stranded on rocks only eight nautical miles from Sweden's main Baltic naval base, Karlskrona. But as the news spread, his shock was more than matched by official outrage at the violation of Sweden's territorial waters. And by week's end, the incident had sparked a furious domestic political row about lax defense procedures—measures to maintain a diplomatic confrontation of growing proportions.

At first, it seemed to be a comparatively trivial event. Svensson's sighting report sent Swedish torpedo boats

Gauged (inset) and salvaged sub: the belly ring, the temperature rose



ing to the scene and a somewhat embarrassed salvage task force. The submarine captain, who should never have been there in the first place, tried to explain his presence to a Swedish ferry commander, only too conscious that the sub should never have been allowed to get there at all. Sweeping from his cockpit lower, Lt. Olof Björk Gustaf, 36, claimed he had strayed from his proper course due to gyrocompass failure. But that course sounded lame to Capt. Karl Gustaf Andersson. He pointed out that the Soviet vessel had navigated a complex series of narrow channels before running aground.

At that point the affair became more serious. Gustaf informed Andersson that he had radioed his base in Kalmar for help. That news—confirmed when a Soviet boat turned up nearby—set alarm bells ringing in Stockholm. An angry Prime Minister Thorbjörn Fälldén declared that there was "no question" of Soviet vessels being allowed to salvage the submarine. Sweden, he added, had the right to defend their territory "according to international law."

As the international, to maritime law, charges and countercharges flow over the quality of Sweden's defenses. Not only had the Soviet commander been growing undetected in restricted waters, it was only spotted—and by accident, at that—12 hours after it ran aground. Careful naval officers pointed out that only the defense specialists have led to a severe shortage of sonar detection equipment. But the navy's attempts to salvage its reputation also hit the rocks when Defense Minister Torsten Gustafsson—who actually branded the incident "the greatest failure" since the Second World War—was finally left for a meeting in Norway.

The sinking much showed no sign of abating soon. The same was true of the debate over the submarine's future. Foreign Minister Olaf Ullsten revealed that the

Swedes had agreed to let Sweden abandon the vessel—thus ensuring a good look at its "intrusive" surveillance equipment. But Gorbis refused to be interrogated by the Swedes—a necessary preliminary to ending his prosecution. As guards posted on the counter-tower casually sighted sub-machine-guns at pointing Swedish jets, a serious deterioration in relations between the Kremlin and Stockholm seemed bound for a stormy stretch.

—CHRISTOPHER MOORE

## RHAI

### A tragic cargo

Americans were celebrating the 50th anniversary of the Statue of Liberty last week. But as festivities for the symbol of sanctuary continued, residents in a bank of concrete-floored condominiums near Miami were contemplating a scene that will haunt them for the rest of their lives. Storms on the Florida Peninsula and were ships as battered and blown as beached driftwood. They were the first wave of 33 drowned Haitian refugees



Grasshopper beach scene: a 10-year-old Kodak

beached ashore in a heavy chop when their 33-meter boat capsized. Though 34 made it ashore, the accident was the worst in the 10-year history of the Haitian exodus.

As bodies were put into plastic bags and scooped up in bulk by bulldozers, the questions began. Among them: why are Haitians so desperate to escape that they risk a 1,200-km passage in rough seas for an uncertain future in the U.S.? Has the Reagan administration's recent crackdown on their illegal entry added to their desperation? Said Rep. Antonio Alfonzo, head of New York's Haitian Community Center: "When I hear talk

about the Americans welcoming foreigners, I laugh, but it is a sad laugh." In the past decade, close to 50,000 Haitians out of a population of 5 million have entered the United States illegally. Their arrivals have raised a storm of protest from southern Floridians who have also borne the brunt of an influx of 150,000 Cuban refugees. Many Haitians, such as the 57 who were stopped in another 30-meter boat last week by a coast-guard cutter, privately try themselves to freedom. Others, believed to have been smuggled in, are returned by large "mother ships"—on which they act as indentured slaves or pay from \$1,800 to \$2,000 for storage—only to be dropped off in small, seaworthy craft close to the Florida coast. In a 1978 smuggling case, the captain of an private vessel found 16 Haitians in the water at a gasport off South Palm Beach. His crewed, and the captain in turn serving a prison sentence of 180 months on charges of conspiracy.

"These smugglers are venal," said De Ronald Wright, who performed operations as the boats. "They consider the refugees to be expendable cargo." If that is what they are to the smugglers, they are unwanted haggles to the administration. In an executive order issued two months ago, Reagan authorized the coast guard to turn around any boats suspected of carrying illegal aliens—a move that brought charges of racism from some quarters in the U.S. Following the drowning, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People (NAACP) called on the president to rescind his order.

The NAACP also called for formal recognition of Haitians as political refugees. As it is, they are categorized as economic opportunists—Haiti is the poorest country in the Western Hemisphere, with an annual average salary of \$230. And even if there were no charge that the politically oppressive regime of President-for-life Jean-Claude Duvalier (they do) operate on a blend of extortion, terror, censorship and arbitrary arrest. It therefore provides a strong case for the "well-founded fear of persecution"—the legal prerequisite for political status. Said Gov. Wendell Ford of the Council on Hemispheric Affairs: "There is a double standard in the U.S. on refugees. It is in the political interest of the United States to take refugees from repressive left-wing states, but not from those of the right wing." The debate rages in federal immigration offices at Miami's American International headquarters. Haitians will continue their desperate flight. It may be from oblivion to destruction, but as one survivor and last week. "The deaths will not discourage others. They will take the chance." —JANE O'HARA

## FINLAND

### A tricky balance

The two Soviet diplomats in the corridor were discussing a colleague. "Don't trust him," one advised the other. "He goes to the sauna with Kekkonen." That remark, overheard by a Canadian delegate at the 1975 Helsinki conference on European security, was a measure of the controversy surrounding the man who was signed last week as president of Finland. After 35 years spent keeping the Soviet bear shut door at bay, Urho Kekkonen, 64, made way for a younger—in all likelihood Prime Minister Mauno Kivimäki.

In the wake of Kekkonen's resignation, editorialists around the world stressed his close links with Moscow. But external affairs officials in Ottawa and senior diplomats in Washington saw him in a different light as a staunch upholder of Finnish independence who played a remarkably even hand between the superpowers.

It was never an easy balance to maintain. "Think personally," the former Kekkonen saw told the



who abides a 1,300-km border with their eastern neighbor. It was that maxim that relieved his attempts to safeguard an independent Finland—suspended by a costly defeat in the Russo-Finnish war of 1940 to '41. Seven years later, Soviet dictator Joseph Stalin forced through a treaty of "friendship and co-operation" which gave Moscow the right to intervene. Finnish leaders for decades have viewed it as a policy that has put to rest the turbulence must be smoothed out of Finland's relationship with the Soviet Union—a policy that he put into practice to such effect that he came to be regarded as a trusted neighbor by Stalin and his successors, Nikita

Khrushchev and Leonid Brezhnev.

That confidence proved a vital factor in defusing a number of potentially disastrous threats to Finnish integrity. One such crisis erupted in 1951, inflamed by reported war over Berlin and the volatile issue of West German rearmament. Khrushchev threatened to occupy Finnish bases to counter a new German "threat." In the course of intense negotiations, Kekkonen managed to calm the Soviet leader's fury, but only by promising to keep an eye on Europe for the Kremlin. That compromise cost Western critics to brand him "Russia's watchdog" and helped inspire the term "Finlandization" in connection with subsequent to Moscow.

But neither the Finns themselves nor Kekkonen-watchers in Western capitals overlooked that spirit last week American officials publicly hailed him as a "great statesman" and privately pointed to a series of remarkable achievements. Among them, the resolute preservation of Finnish democracy and Kekkonen's eventually successful policy of neutrality. Not only that, but Kekkonen's high standing with the Kremlin allowed Finland to form ties with the European Community (EC) and become a member of the OECD—while conducting 50 per cent of its trade

## U.S.A.

### One more for the Great Persuader



AWACS on the loose: Saudi Arabia will feel its hand greatly strengthened

By Michael Posner

When Iowa Senator Roger Wicker joined the official American delegation to Manke Japan's funeral, the House Embassy in Washington promptly called Jerusalem. The message, arranged for Japan to meet Prime Minister Masuhiro Boin and Defense Minister Araki Shiro: A conservative Republican, Japan had been sponsor of a Senate resolution aimed at blocking the Reagan administration's multibillion-dollar arms package to Saudi Arabia. Only days before the Senate vote, there were fears that he had succumbed to White House and corporate pressure. But the meeting with Boin and Shiro took place, and Japan returned to Washington with a renewed commitment. Or so it seemed. Last week, however, in a stunning reversal, Japan suddenly announced he would back the president. That pivotal defection ensured Ronald Reagan's earlier decision was no longer a victory likely to have profound repercussions on American policy at home and abroad.

By a vote of 52 to 45, the Senate agreed to sell to Riyadh five airborne warning and control systems (AWACS) and selected enhancements for 62 F-15 fighter jets. The enhancements include conformal fuel tanks that significantly extend the jets' range, plus 1,177 AIM-54 Sidewinder missiles, the most sophisticated air-to-air weapons of its type ever built. The total package is worth \$4.5 billion, the largest arms sale in American history, plus another \$100 billion in service and supply contracts for U.S. firms. Propaganda has argued that the deal will thwart Soviet expansionism in the Persian Gulf, protect vital oilfields from external attack and persuade Saudi rulers to promote American peace initiatives. That remains to be seen. At the very least, however, the AWACS sale will alter the military balance in the Middle East.

What made the Reagan triumph so impressive was that, for months he seemed destined to suffer a humiliating defeat. Although Congress has never voted a presidential arms sale, the prevailing mood in Washington was that the AWACS package was at best premature and at worst a major error. Far from protecting the oilfields, critics said, approval of the sale would risk the loss of American military secrets, threaten the security of Israel and reward a nation implacably opposed to the Camp David peace process.

Long before the administration sent

Kekkonen (left) with Kivimäki: he managed to cement independence

with Communism, the U.S. East Bloc counterpart

At week's end, it was clear that Kekkonen's would be a difficult act for the 57-year-old Kivimäki, a promising "team player," to follow. As a former Canadian ambassador to Finland, Paul Malen told Maclean's: "Kekkonen was a consummate politician. While maintaining good relations with the superpowers, he earned a reputation as being 100 per cent neutral and 100 per cent for Finland." By any measure, that was a monumental achievement.

James Flaherty with Ottawa reports



Begin (right) with press spokesman after hearing the news, and (below) view of AWACS interior. For months, this dual had seemed destined for defeat



formal notification to Capitol Hill, opponents were laying plans to assail the deal. And until Japan's agency, anti-AWACS forum remained confident of victory, with between 52 and 56 senators pledged to support the resolution. Only when White House chief of staff James Baker issued control of the lobbying did the administration begin to gain ground. The White House pressure—particularly on freshman Republicans—was intense, an strategy not infrequently successful. In the Senate, majority leader Howard Baker and John Tower identified weak or wavering colleagues and found ways to coax, if not eliminate, reservations about the sale. They also sought and found a prominent Democrat—George's son Nunn—to support the president and merge the debate out of the arena of partisan politics.

In the White House, political affairs consultant Lyn Nofziger organized grassroots Republicans, making campaign contributions to let their senators know exactly how they ought to vote. At the same time, senators from states

likely to benefit from service contracts learned just how many jobs would be lost by defeat of the sale.

But it was Reagan himself—the Great Presider, as he has come to be called—who won the bulk of the converts. Nunn was a cold, the president invited 56 senators in the White House for private one-on-one discussions. Many were surprised to find the Reagan living quarters and emerged befuddled. The president confessed to none of them that the AWACS deal was imperfect but argued that its defeat would do still greater damage. It would, he said, make the Saudis more hostile to American peace efforts and might well result in an anti-Israel, anti-Semitic backlash in the United States. Above all, Reagan pleaded, a Senate vote would cripple

his ability to conduct foreign policy. "How can I convince foreign leaders that I am in command," he reportedly asked one senator, "if I can't deliver live airplanes?"

The failure was potent. In putting personal prestige on the line, even in the face of defeat, the president raised the stakes, making it extremely difficult for GOP senators to oppose him. Reagan might still have lost without Japan's eleventh-hour reversal, but once he saved its others (and it was easier to support the sale. Ironically, virtually all of the senators who crossed over continued to criticize the package as badly flawed. In the end, as retired air force Gen. George Keegan put it, "The Senate's decision was solely political, having to do with presidential prestige and very little about the sale."

Even then, reluctant holdouts needed a pretext for switching sides. The White House provided it with a cleverly worded presidential letter, submitted to the Senate just as the final debate began. This pledge Reagan to "certify" to Congress—before the planes are delivered in 1985—that Saudi Arabia has agreed to restrictions on the use of the aircraft and their intelligence. But the language of the document is vague. It is not clear whether the president's promise is legally binding or whether—should Reagan not be re-elected in 1984—his successor would be required to secure the same concessions.

As the White House celebrated its come-from-behind win, the dominant question in Washington was whether the victory might in fact be a Pyrrhic one. The day after the vote, senior Saudi officials reiterated their antipathy toward the Camp David process, pushing instead for a new peace framework based on Crown Prince Faisal's eight-point plan (Maclean's, Oct. 28). Essentially a restatement of various United Nations resolutions, the plan seems to contain as tantalizing new element, the recognition of all states in the region to live within secured borders. Implicit in the Saudi's suggestion is the recognition of Israel's right to exist. The Israelis aren't sure this is a plan to be copied to every Arab nation with the exception of Egypt. Israel is only "the Jewish entity," not a state. Hence, the Israelis claim the Faisal plan may not be what it seems to be.

And yet it clearly has momentum. Yasser Arafat, the PLO leader, has endorsed it and the Europeans are expected to follow suit soon. Even Ronald Reagan last week



Japan required commitment

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conceded that it contained promises and might be the basis for further negotiations. But even the American remains committed to Camp David. But unless there is some progress on the Palestinian autonomy talks, the Camp David process may expire in the wake of the AWACS sale, say Middle Eastern analysts expect the Israelis to make new or additional concessions. On the other hand, faced with a newly armed Saudi flock, an American ally in Egypt's Hosni Mubarak and the continued presence of Syrian missiles in Lebanon, some observers think Israel may be tempted to redress the military balance, perhaps by striking at the Syrian weapons.

In the longer run, the AWACS triumph may have sharply reduced the Reagan administration's leverage in the Middle East. Jerusalem will certainly be less accommodating and Riyadh—fresh from this diplomatic coup—will feel its head strengthened. "The next six months," concludes Ken Wollack, publisher of the Washington-based Middle East Policy Survey, "are going to be very difficult." It is a widely held belief in the wake of Reagan's success.

## A weak link in the pipeline

The Alaska Highway gas pipeline project, in which Canada has already invested more than \$1.2 billion, ran into hardball American politics last week during hearings of a House of Representatives energy subcommittee. After the session—in a consider-ably warmer tone than the 1978 pipeline agreement that would encourage private funding crucial to the project—the outlook for its future looked glossier than ever. Said one Canadian, looking on at the proceedings: "There is only a 50-per-cent chance that Congress will pass this legislation." Added a counterpart from Wall Street: "Even if it does, it is going to be very difficult to raise funds at this time. At best the pipeline is a risk, and right now U.S.-Canadian relations are in terrible shape. There is no better than a 40-per-cent chance of raising the money to go ahead."

These pessimistic observations were caused by the icy reception given the women—who would allow pipeline financing charges to the U.S. for the last segment of the project is delayed or not completed—by subcommittee members. But most dissenting for Canadian officials was the testimony by their counterparts from the Reagan administration. For the first time, they exhibited clear signs of "Washington's" commitment to the pipeline. Mayor Rabinovitch, the state department's

undersecretary for economic affairs, told the subcommittee: "Once this major package has passed through Congress the administration has no further obligation to Canada. It is then entirely up to the private sector and if it decides not to put up the money, there is nothing we can do about it." Further, he said, there would be no question of public financing.

That point was backed up by Charles Butler, chairman of the Federal Energy Regulatory Commission. Said he: "We



Butler (left) and Butler, drawing clear limits to Washington's responsibility



are under an obligation to build the pipeline if the private sector will not finance the money." But as Butler himself conceded, with total pipeline costs now estimated at about \$50 billion, the gas was bound to be high priced and "questions about its marketability are still open." For that reason, he explained, potential investors would shy away.

There were a few reassuring words for Ottawa at the hearings, however

flowing through the administration's hands the responsibility for the pipeline beyond the legislative process. Bushnell stressed the stakes involved for Canada-U.S. relations. It would be difficult to overemphasize the "negative impact" on those ties, he said, "if the U.S. government did not honor its assurances to a major investment in private financing." The major package before Congress, he added, was proof of the government's willingness to live up to its assurances to the Canadian government.

Whether Congress will see it that way will not be clear for several weeks. But for now, it is certain that, as one Canadian banker put it: "These are dark days for the pipeline. Canadian business could end up losing quite a bundle."

—WILLIAM LOWMYER

## Spaced out in Babylon

In the Old Testament it was the prophet Isaiah who foretold that Babylon—the first major metropolitan of materialism—would self-destruct if left to its wicked ways. Taking a leaf out of Isaiah's book, the town elders of Babylon, N.Y., have taken steps to forestall the impending doom of their own village (pop. 12,000). They have outlawed the spread of Space Invaders games.

The muscle behind the decision came from the Long Island municipality's mayor of 38 years, Gil Blum. He has authored the seven-page ordinance, which is entitled "Regulation of Amusement and Amusement Devices." Roughly interpreted, this means that no store can have more than one game on the premises, and no child under the age of 16 can legally put quarters in the coin-operated machines. "We're trying to stop the spread of them," said Blum, emphasizing a notably biblical turn of phrase. "The parents of Babylon have indicated their openness about electronic gaming devices."

That may be true. But on Deer Park Avenue, Babylon's main drag, store owners who once had as many as 20 machines whirring and glowing are now dropping. "It could mean the difference between making money and losing it," said Bill Wolf, who bought his hero sandwich franchise, complete with machines, before the ordinance was passed. The real victims—the kids—are more plighted. "It just means we'll have to wait longer to get to play," said one 10-year-old. If, as some say, the law is perdition-bound, it's just going to take a little longer getting there.

—JANE O'HARA

## SPORTS

# Canadian soccer's golden chance

By Hal Quinn

Football—or soccer, as it is called in North America—is by any measurement the most popular sport in the world. In terms of its simplicity, compelling in its intricacy and variety, soccer is played by and before more people in more countries than any game on earth. And when an important cup is held, every four years, the World Cup captures the globe's sports stage as no other event, easily dwarfing the Olympic Games and the "world" championships of U.S. baseball and football. Traditionally, Canada never had a part in soccer's great play. But this month in Tegucigalpa, Honduras, the national team for the first time has a realistic chance of earning a role in next summer's World Cup in Spain.

The eventual Cup winner is truly a global champion, the survivor among 142 nations of playoffs over a period of two years. Should Canada reach the final group of 16 in Spain, it would rival any sporting accomplishment by this country. For the national team's manager, John McMahan, it would be "the culmination of a 30-year dream to have Canada recognized as one of the top soccer countries in the world." More poignantly, for team member Mike Stagnaro, "It'll be for the first time in the World Cup we'd be the greatest gift of my life."

The road to Spain via Honduras began last summer when Canada advanced, with Mexico, from the North American qualifying round after the United States was eliminated. This week the Canadian duo Ki Salvador and Hathi Tene, they will meet Honduras, Mexico and Cuba over the next four nights. Since only two teams will go to Spain, any victory in front of the 10,000-plus screaming fans is glorious; any loss, however, is a disaster. Having attempted to qualify for the World Cup since 1967, Canada has staged only once

before—in 1978, when the team exited quietly and quickly. Bobby Lewis, a national team member from Vancouver who stays for that city's Whitecaps in the North American Soccer League (NASL) and whose handsomeness, smiling face turns TV up as TV, was one of the Canadian players at the time. "For us it was the realization of a goal just to reach the qualifying round. We clear the first game to Haiti and never really got better. But this time it's different."



Sweeter (right) battling Canada's "Jolt" Duncan. Canada's real realistic chance

This time our goal is the finals."

In this most competitive arena, both athletically and politically, it is remarkable that Canada, not yet known even for its beaver pelts when Edward III named "football" in England, could advance so rapidly. Ethnic leagues have long thrived across the country, especially in Vancouver and Toronto. But thanks to the success of the NASL, pro soccer has become a viable career option to most women on frozen slush and to the first and second gen-

erations of fathers who lived and died with their national "side." All but eight on this year's roster were born in Canada.

Captain Bob Irsch, 27, is an ex-ample. Born in Toronto, he played "a lot of hockey and football in school. There was a good British league in the city, and my father—he was an immigrant—would take me to the games at Varsity Stadium to see Toronto Rams." Through his father and a club team ("A



lot of us were Italian, and that formed a kind of bond," Irsch developed a love for the game. "I never thought I would be a pro, the process just evolved. Somebody said, 'Do you want to play here?' [The National Soccer League] then, 'Do you want to play there?' [Toronto Metro-Crestal]. The next thing I knew, I got a phone call and learned that the New York Cosmos wanted to buy me, and now I'm playing in the NASL." In the "process," Irsch has developed world-class skills and has been twice nominated for the Los March trophy as Canada's outstanding athlete.

At the same time, the NASL has had

the collateral effect of European to accept handsome salaries and, occasionally, offensively so. In Stagnone, a native of Lugano, Yugoslavia. A prolific scorer, he came to Canada in 1975 after starring with Radnicki. Krugavac is his homeland. Last season in the NASL, Stagnone scored 25 goals and was named North America's player of the year. His excitement about the game in Yugoslavia can barely be contained. "We have more running power, we are physically stronger than any nation there. If we play like we can play, fighting for every ball—to play a disciplined game—nobody will ever come close to us as in Honduras."



Date Mitchell shooting on Hubert Bakewell: "world-class skills"

Approaching the qualifying round, the outlook of the team in general is characterized by a quieter yet no less justifiable confidence. Coach Burns Clarke becomes animated whenever the topic of soccer hovers near, his personal pride when he can praise the stars of the best Canadian side ever assembled. "Wen McLeod [a 26-year-old born in Vancouver] would hold his own with any midfielder in the first division in England. Little Mike Sweeney [21, from Dunsmuir, B.C.] could also play first division. Bobby Lamont and Gerry Gray [a 26-year-old Glasgow native who grew up in Toronto] could walk in to any team in England. With them, there is Gordon Sweeney [a 24-year-old Torontoan] who can right up there with Stagnone—and, of course, Benito."

Brian Miller (20), Mitchell (photo) and Lamont: "the three of us may be different"



Benito Segota was born in Yugoslavia, 26 years ago and came to Canada with his family when he was 7. Of all the Canadians, he, perhaps, has the brightest present and future. In his NASL playoff games this year, Segota, nicknamed "Litter," scored an astounding 11 goals if the Canadian reach the finals. Segota will be pulling the trigger. And on the world stage, in Spain, a definitely where Segota wants to be. "Reaching the World Cup will be a total effort, because we have such great depth on this team," he says. One there, the dream becomes more personal. "My future definitely lies beyond North America, hopefully in West Germany or Italy. The World Cup will get me recognized in the rest of the world, especially if I do well. At the least, it will help me to negotiate for more money in the NASL."

Indeed, so named, the Canadian

team will need a total effort from 22 disparate personalities. "Our team is a collection from NASL clubs with markedly different styles and philosophies," says goalie Tony Chursky from New Westminster, B.C. "Coach Clarke's ideas are quite foreign to the majority of players. You look at John McGinnis, who comes from a Brazilian style with the Los Angeles Aztecs, myself and

groups. To get coaching is using your strengths and hiding your weaknesses. So having a variety of ethnic groups, why not bring out the strengths typical of the particular cultural group? If you use all those strengths, then the composite player is a healthy one." Reflecting the national mosaic of the country, Clarke fields a squad made up of Scots, Irish, Italian, Yugoslavians and Welsh, offering a flexibility uncommon in international soccer. "If I wanted the outrageous English-type goalkeeper, I've got him. If I want the type of goalie that is intense and very fast, I have Tony Lettner. Galle and expertise up front? I have Segota. But paired with Ben in Sweeney, the sort of English dishard, God help anyone who gets in my way type. Now there's chaos and chaos."

The apples and oranges group in red and white will be sorely tested in Yugoslavia. Home advantage is considerable in soccer for a number of reasons. After the 1978 experience in Mexico, for instance, the Canadians took their own cook to Honduras. Among the all-star group, Honduras has to be favored, along with Mexico, which has played in eight World Cups. The Cubans are an unknown quantity but have qualified once, as have El Salvador and Haiti. It will not be easy, but there is that quiet confidence. And as Clarke puts it, "We left for the Honduras without any fanfare, a group of unknowns. But should we depart for Spain next summer, and Canadians kick home what we play in front of millions of people the world over, then they might appreciate the significance of our achievement." ☐

Sweeney from a predominantly British side [Toronto's Toronto], or Toronto from the Cosmos, which is more a European style. It takes time, mentally and physically, to make the adjustment. Now that we have had last year and a good training camp this fall, we have been able to adapt. We now know what to expect from each other and are comfortable with the system."

It is this collection of styles and personalities from which a good part of coach Clarke's optimism stems. "When you have a philosophy, you have to think of the people that are going to be subjected to that philosophy," declares Clarke. "You have to hear to

read that Canada is quite a mixture of ethnic groups. To get coaching is using your strengths and hiding your weaknesses. So having a variety of ethnic groups, why not bring out the strengths typical of the particular cultural group? If you use all those strengths, then the composite player is a healthy one."

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## THEATRE

### Raunchy song of innocence



Danceress suppling critical caudle

#### STRAIGHT AHEAD/BLIND DANCER

by Charles Taylor  
Directed by Henry Tarver

"I ain't no pious in the wood," snorts Ohio farm girl Louisa Potter with derisive understatement as she waits for her dad and the broad hands to get drinking under the threatening machine and eat the dinner she has spent all afternoon preparing. They're in as heavy, though, as Louisa spends the first of these one-act plays at Toronto Free Theatre acting out her 19th-century Ireland lost in the Second World War, a runaway lover who has left her three months pregnant and the anxious knowledge that the recently dropped atom bomb has irrevocably changed the world, though how she's not quite sure. Louisa's no fool except in affairs of the heart, and her delight in lust is matched only by her gift for fourteen featuring radio star "Law Poole," a singer with a big swing deal.

Rosmary Dunsen as Louisa belts out Louisa's 4th song-and-dance routine with a head-bopping mixture of sensuous, fragility and pure razzle. Her soaring performance complements the evocative and poetic script perfectly: critical caudle such as how come the top

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section of the on-and-off scene lifts off with such Logo-like ease to accommodate Lou's brazen posturing or why her impetuous screwdriver don't alert her child on the spot can be comfortably ignored.

The pyrotechnics continue in *Blind Dates*. Two years have passed, Louisa has kept her child and her dreams of glory have been ground down to a faint hope that one day she will graduate from smudging toilets to working on an assembly line. Her only pleasure in life is blowing it in Toledo on weekends and making it with swing band players. This time her partner is just true hearted Ed Martin (Michael Hogen), who after two drunken nights is not fooled by her alternate man-baiting. Recognizing that the old Louisa is not dead yet, he tries unsuccessfully to shatter her protective shell. Playwright Tuller's poetics are more evident in this piece, yet less convincing. Louisa talks about "walking into somebody else's dream where everything's so strange, so fine," but the misty language only conceals a failure to penetrate the heart of a richly suggestive construction.

Nevertheless, Hogen matches Dumas more rill for rill. His opening monologue, superbly painting a gritty urban scene is verbal rhythms worthy of the loquacious he is a crowd, and he follows only later on when the script itself loses its footing. Dumas makes Louisa's transformation totally credible, and his defensive sarcasm poignantly conveys the hardening of Louisa's warmth and wit. Director Honey Tervanien has made in the poetry grade his actors into finding their own way, adding just the right mood of time and place to *Blind Dates* to flesh out the text. Still, without Rosemary Dunmore these starry sketches might have seemed unexcited, but unfortunately as Charles Tuller can write, and perhaps his next attempt will reveal an ambition to match his talent.

—MARK CHAMBERS

Hogen, matching his role (57 for 40)



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## TRANSPORTATION

# A folksy airline

*For a mere \$27, People's Express is shuttling Torontonians from Buffalo to Newark*

Every two weeks, Ian Morrison, a mathematician at the University of Toronto, drives the 150 km to Buffalo, pays \$4 to park his car and hops on a People's Express flight to Newark, N.J. After auditing lectures at Princeton for two days, he usually catches the evening flight back to Buffalo and arrives home in time for the 11:00 news. And Morrison doesn't mind the hassle. His air fare is a mere \$27 one way. Even after gas and parking, he estimates he still pays \$50 less than the cost of a regular one-way ticket. Says he: "They're much easier to fly with."

Riding the U.S. airline deregulation boom, publicly owned People's Express is one of the newest success stories in its market. Founded by Gerry Otter and Donald Barr, former airline officials with Texas International, People's Express offers Torontonians six Buffalo-Newark runs daily, with four peak-hour flights costing \$12 more. "Our immediate lines are always 'jammed,'" says spokesman Russell Harbottle.

The airline is the ultimate in frill-less flying: it has eliminated the standard airport check-in & is Freddie Lakes. With luggage in hand (the reader of the used 20% have been expected to accommodate all luggage), a passenger boards, chooses a seat and pays the ticket agent on the plane. With a reservation, notes Morrison, "you can show up five or 10 minutes before the flight. People's Express has rationalized the organization of airlines."

The Federal Aviation Administration has so far approved a total of 27 People's Express flights to other eastern destinations, two of which leave from Buffalo to Sarasota and Jacksonville, Fla., for less than \$150 round-trip. Serving the eastern seaboard, the company has garnered a chunk of the market normally held by the larger airlines. And the competition is becoming fierce. U.S. Air has matched the \$27 Buffalo-Newark fare. Although People's Express has yet to make a profit, it is confident that the low-cost fares will be sufficient to support its efforts. Says Morrison: "Somebody really did a lot of thinking in setting up this airline."

—JENNIFER WILLIS

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Manitoba's Clark with students and old microscope: from a reliance to mediocrity

## EDUCATION

# The crisis in universities

By Marilee Winter

There is no money to repair the leaking roof of the University of Manitoba's antiquated Earth Sciences building. There is no money to replace the 40-year-old microscopes or the 80-year-old set of rock samples, no money for new books, no money to hire enough teaching assistants. "Sometimes we're lucky to get hand-me-down equipment from industry," sighs geology professor George Clark. "But even if we could buy new equipment, we're so overextended we wouldn't have the space for it. We're hard-pressed to maintain quality."

Across the country, echoes of Clark's plight resound on university campuses. After years of under-funding many universities have finally hit fiscal rock bottom. Deficits are soaring to epic heights—\$1.7 million at Carleton University, \$1.4 million at the University of Toronto and a projected \$12 million by next spring at McGill. Swelling enrolments and understaffed departments are forcing desperate administrators to bar thousands of qualified students from high-demand programs such as business. Last week the science was leader as the federal government stood firm in its threat to begin cutting \$1 billion a year from post-secondary education payments to the provinces—a move

that could see from 12 to 66 per cent of university operating budgets. Ottawa's policy defies the warning of its own parliamentary task force, which declined in August last further slashing "would sap the life out of the system." And in Quebec, an independent committee investigating the plight of universities has also stated flatly that continued under-funding "will assure the demise of quality institutions" in that province. The committee's stark advice to the province: increase operating grants to offset inflation or start cutting academic programs and consider closing one or more universities.

So far, the province has refused to take a stand. But while rumors of closures metastasize to fly, Brook University—targeted for the axe by some journalists—tried to squelch speculation with an ad in *The Globe and Mail* ("We're tired of being on the 'in list'"). And in the Atlantic provinces, thousands of students, alarmed by the impending cuts, stormed provincial legislatures. Hurling a black-draped coffin, demonstrators in Halifax staged a mock funeral for higher education.

But even if desperate protest marches can stop the federal cuts, the federal will not be matched. Canadian universities are already sliding from academic excellence into what University of British Columbia (UBC) President Douglas

Kenny calls "a mediocrity it will take generations to repair." From the University of Montreal to Simon Fraser, embattled administrators recount a litany of problems their efforts cannot mend. Asks Professor Kenneth Smith, of the University of Toronto's hard-pressed department of electrical engineering, "If the stable situation is crisis, how does one cope with a super crisis?" Smith's department, one of North America's most prestigious, needs \$300,000 to maintain and replace equipment, but receives only \$20,000. The University of Manitoba's school of architecture, which offers the only graduate degree program in the Manitoba-Buckminster program, makes do with a 1940s army bar for additional studio space. At the U of T libraries, marked No. 1 among Canadian research facilities, in-building use swelled 1,100 per cent in just seven years. But by 1983 a backlog of 30,000 titles awaited processing and 130 staff positions had been cut. And at Mount Saint Vincent in Halifax, where a campaign to raise \$2 million will follow after three years, roofs need repairs, scholarship money is tight and a needed word processing machine remains unaffordable. Echoes from President Margaret Patton: "We're clinging by our toenails to keep this institution alive. Surely Canada can afford one women's university."

Meanwhile, inflation-ravaged budgets and biting freezes are sabotaging the ability of universities to meet student needs. Quotas are the norm in programs such as business, engineering and computer science. Last year, 1,800 qualified students competed for 300 places in first-year electrical engineering at U of T. Even honors students cannot always register for courses in their major.

This fall, Jim Calvin, a second-year student with an A average at the University of Waterloo, was shut out of two co-op courses. "I've accepted my case to the dean," he says, "but I'm not optimistic, because there just aren't enough professors to open new sections." Open seats—34 per cent total full-time last year—are vanishing thickly and difficulties even in less glori-

ous fields. Carleton's school of commerce, for example, 16 full-time professors must cope with 4,500 students seeking courses for various degrees or job requirements. "There's a feeling we're slowly bleeding to death, subdividing ourselves through our own selfishness and efforts," says Trevor Dandy, a sociology professor at the University of Man-

itoba. Knowledge and prosperity, while the baby boom generation demanded professional training and entering new programs, government policy-makers sought a trick payoff in skilled workers and regional development. Federal and provincial coffers opened to create eight new universities (among them Simon Fraser and the University of Calgary).

Money pouring in for new programs, research and buildings gave even private institutions like McGill quasi-public status.

But heavy expectations were in Leslie's words, "overblown and overrid." The economic woes of the '70s created a backlash. In an era of stagflation and lower jobs, burgeoning operating costs and an unexpected enrollment drop fueled disenchantment with universities. As



Manitoba students protesting cuts (above); University of Manitoba's outcry has complaints that 'we're tired of being on the list list'



across liberal arts courses. York University Professor Robert Adolph recalls his shock last September at the sight of his first-year humanities class "I looked up from my notes and thought, 'My God, they're hanging from the rafters.'"

Ontario also endorses academic standards and erode morale. "If changes aren't forthcoming, the quality of teaching and research could go down the tubes in 10 years," warns Colin Johnston, past president of the Confederation of Alberta Faculty Associations. Teaching loads in high-demand programs are heavy, leaving faculty little time to work with individual students or develop research projects. In

to. As the result of hiring freezes, few new PhDs are bringing fresh ideas and enthusiasm into the system. Some experts fear there is a brain drain: an Ontario study reveals that in 1979, 37 per cent of new PhDs left Canada. Queen's University political scientist Peter Leslie sums up the universities' flagging ability to fulfil their role: "Canadian universities are suffering the equivalent of senility, a world-hardening of the tissues."

Twelve years ago, such a dismal prognosis was unthinkable. During the buoyant optimism and economic boom of the '60s, taxpayers and government had high hopes that universities were the passport to a brave new world of

government purse strings tightened, universities lost the status they were enjoyed. In the 1978-79 academic year, for example, Ontario ranked universities below prisons, providing \$39,977.85 for each adult inmate but only \$4,899 for each full-time undergraduate arts student.

Now many argue that this period of retrenchment has gone too far. "We cut out the fat long ago," declares Brian Scott, finance director at Simon Fraser. "Now it's like the situation of new people in a life raft—either you all starve or start throwing someone overboard." Most universities have long since given up such "bribe" as private societies for department chairmen or generous

travel budgets. Administrators like Scott point to inflation and increasing operating grant decreases as their chief foes. From 1973 to 1988, the Consumer Price Index (CPI) jumped 36.2 per cent while grant increases averaged only 27.4 per cent. But the gap is even greater: the price of goods and services universities must purchase has been averaging 33 per cent above the CPI each year. As Scott points out, "You can't compare a basket of goods at the supermarket to books and lab equipment." The price of journals and books doubles every four years, while scientific equipment cost an average of 500 per cent more than it did six years ago. On many campuses, harsh winters and fuel prices defied conservation efforts: utility costs



Leslie: a hardening of the tissues

## Endangered species

Built in the expansive '60s, the campus of Peterborough, Ont.'s Trent University is a veritable island in a sea of wilderness. But the ivory tower need consider none of its serenity when rendered in concrete. Trent, 108 km northeast of Toronto, stands in grandiose isolation on the banks of the Otonabee River, a complex of jutting angles and soaring planes felled into the glaciated countryside like some conch-shaped pearl.

Yet when a report last August suggested the Ontario government consider closing one of its universities, reporters asked not far when the bell tolled. They phoned Trent. This small university has for years topped the provincial government's ranked list of losers. For its chronic deficits—\$1.8 million last year—and incapacity of operating without special subsidies unique in the province, Trent has long been bedeviled by reprimands and dire warnings. But these on-campus problems the rancor. Says English professor Iva McLachlan: "Everyone knows that Trent is not going to close down. However, there is a very real danger of losing the things that have made this university worthwhile."

Not prized and most endangered in the scholarly department. When the sprawling U.S.-style "madraster" was all the rage, Trent remained deliberately small, an uncentralized school with a decentralized collegiate structure. It stressed not research but teaching, preferably through intimate tutorials of at most 10 students in the early days the young scholars trooped happily about the grounds (and the streets of an incredulous Peterborough)

in mandatory green academic gowns. The psychology of "scholarship on the Otonabee" took root and flourished.

But since the early '70s Trent has been systematically strangled by a funding formula that favored large schools with extensive graduate and professional studies programs. As early as 1973, President Tom Kent urged his university to consider a projected \$5-million deficit and extensive faculty



McLachlan on Trent campus: a sense of mission

layoffs. Trent's collegial structure never fulfilled its promise, and many of the wanted materials became "seminars." World-class teachers, such as Spanish professor José María Velasco, who had been idealistically attracted to Trent began to be lured away. Those who remained suffered the highest teaching loads and worst salaries in the province.

"You just can't take a university like Trent and make these kinds of cutbacks without undermining its spirit and morale," says Bob Wilkes, a fourth-year philosophy student. "The small classes and close personal attention are tremendously important." But this year especially, the stress is showing. Grad-

uate programs have been cut and that's placed on some first-year courses, often advertised courses are simply not being offered.

McLachlan, a bearded Marxist who drives a white Porsche and neatly embodies the many paradoxes of this restive high-Trent institution, takes a more sanguine view. "It's quite amazing the way Trent has reacted," he says. "Trent has managed to maintain its enrollment [2,100]; it has gone on doing new things and doing them better." Typical are the many interdisciplinary programs—cultural studies and comparative development, for instance—that have filled the role of intellectual molting pots once envisioned for the college. But even McLachlan quails at the prospect of further setbacks. "There's a point where this strangling can become destructive and we're very close to that point now."

Nevertheless, a sense of mission buoy spirits at Trent. The prevailing belief is the value of the university has so far proved unassailable by the sharp pencils of cost-cutting bureaucrats. Compounding the paradox optimism is a string of recent academic successes: two Rhodes Scholarships and by far the country's highest per capita proportion of special federal graduate scholarships. More to the point, last March the provincial government ceased penalizing Trent as a nonconforming institution by rewarding it with a whopping \$1.4-million grant for clearly "differentiating" its role from that of other Ontario universities.

"Whether grants like that can carry us into the future is a difficult question," reflects McLachlan. "What happens when the federal government jacks half a billion dollars out of the system? Then no university will be able to survive as other than a shell."

—JOHN BAUGHN

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cost of its support staff is now paid. Another hardship case is Ontario, where for six years the province's grant increases to universities averaged only 46 per cent of those of other provinces, despite federal funding which has grown faster than the CPE. Moreover, since 1971, funds for building recreation and equipment have been frozen. Although student numbers and research capacity at Ontario's 13 universities represent 40 per cent of Canada's scholarly resources, the province ranks last in spending per full-time student.

As university administrators fight to keep red ink out of their budgets, faculty salaries—which average 46.8 per cent of operating expenditures—might seem a prime target for cuts. The salaries of



Vancouver's Johnson commuting to UBC: a full-time bus rider

new faculty are not the problem: in 1980 the average starting salary of an assistant professor at U of T was only \$33,963—less than the pay of a Toronto Transit Commission bus driver. The budgetary double bind comes from salaries of tenured senior faculty, many hired in the inflation '60s, who now outnumber newcomers by as much as three to one. Since most of these faculty are under 60, universities face ever-growing salary commitments without the relief of retirements.

But denouncing tenured staff is not a viable alternative. Many universities now have collective bargaining agreements that would make severance extremely costly. More important, removing job security would further erode morale among professors who share, with some justice, that they're underpaid. According to a study by the Canadian Association of University Teachers the average lifetime earnings of a Canadian professor do not catch up



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Ms. Selil Kivvel's Fulton with students: 'clinging by our heels'.

with those of a supermarket cashier until age 46 or a carpenter until age 58. Lee Johnson, an English professor at UIC, commutes four hours a day, because his psyche can't function a modest house in Yonkers far from his wife and four children. "I've become a full-time bus rider instead of a full-time teacher," he says. Even in Alberta, professors in high-demand fields sometimes earn only half the salary of their colleagues in industry—a pay that cost the University of Calgary 11 engineering professors in just two years. Last June the exodus to the greener pastures of the corporate world left 300 young faculty positions in Canadian business programs. Declares Eric Lande, co-ordinator of the recruiting program at the University of Ottawa, "Many graduate students and faculty are deciding it just isn't worth the sacrifices to remain in academia."

For universities squeezed by provincial cutbacks and weighed down by heavy salary commitments, the logical solution is to expand their income sources. But this solution, like the salary issue, is fraught with problems. Despite the myth of ivory tower autonomy, provinces control the rates of tuition increases that universities can charge without losing part of their spending grants. Few now average only 18.9 per cent of operating income and are generally lower than at comparable U.S. institutions (Roose undergraduate tuition is \$790 at UIC and \$1,000 at U of T versus \$1,500 at Indiana and \$6,500 at Harvard). Even if provinces decide to let universities set fee rates, moving to a "user pays" system would discriminate against low-income students. Last year a federal-provincial task force found that current student aid programs do not reflect actual costs. Without radical improvements in student aid, universities would become elitist preserves of the wealthy.

Datamex may wonder why universi-

#### CANADIAN UNIVERSITIES GENERAL PURPOSE OPERATING FUNDS

Government Grants	71.1% or 2.26 billion
Fees	12.9% or 369 million
Gifts	1.9% or 56 million
Investments, Other	3.2% or 102 million
Sponsored Research	12.9% or 411 million

#### GENERAL OPERATING EXPENDITURES

Academic Staff Salaries & Benefits	46.1% or 1.4 billion
Support Staff Salaries & Benefits	21.0% or 672 million
Library Acquisitions	1.8% or 55 million
Supplies	9.1% or 284 million
Furniture & Equipment	3.4% or 106 million
Utilities	3.1% or 97 million
Scholarships & Bursaries	1.2% or 42 million
Other	4.9% or 131 million

ties don't turn to private funding. Rightly or wrongly, most universities and potential donors believe that government should provide basic funding—a belief that dates back to the 19th century of improving educational opportunity for the good of society. Although Canadian universities have launched 21 fund-raising campaigns a year since 1977, the American go-getter spirit of luring top officials or professors to students for scholarships is absent. "Canadian universities have not put in the effort to launch a concerted public relations campaign," says Allan Arlett, head of the Canadian Centre for Philanthropy. "They need to band together to make their cause known." Yet the fundraising prospects pale beside the sheer magnitude of university operating expenditures which two years ago averaged \$13.5 million in the Maritimes, \$33.2 million in Ontario and \$51.6 mil-

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Park's Adgepin in packed lecture (above), Colvin hanging from the rafters

lion in British Columbia. In the 1979-80 academic year, 13 universities received only one per cent of their operating funds from gifts and endowment income, and only eight received 10 per cent or more from these sources. Even if universities could double existing gift income tomorrow, for most the increase would not swell operating funds by more than four per cent. As Arthur Kruger, dean of arts and sciences at U of T, put it: "There's no Stanford here, no wealthy private university of sorts to set the standard. We all feed at the same trough, and we'll all sink down together."

Feeding at the public trough involves dangers: dependence on grants controlled by the provincial nation universities vulnerable to every wind of political change. Provinces can abruptly reverse fiscal policies in ways that jeopardize universities. Quebec, for example, that year suddenly slashed operating grant increases from 14 per cent to an effective rate of less than six per cent. Yet the province expects universities to pay their staffs salaries equal to those in the public service. Until two years ago, the province funded cost-of-living adjustments so that universities didn't carry the burden of provincial salary policy. But with the new cutbacks, universities are left holding the bag for salary increases averaging 74 per cent. By next June, the combined deficits of six Quebec universities could reach a whopping \$68 million.

Now is any relief in sight—this year's cuts are the first step in Quebec's long-term austerity plan. Universities cannot offset costs by raising fees because the province froze them a decade ago. These policies not only penalize all universities, but could undermine the progress francophones have made in gaining access to higher education. French-language universities are now faced with cutting some academic pro-



grams, and the Université du Québec à Montréal—whose enrolments jumped 30 per cent last year—may have to freeze admissions. Susan Martin, search officer for the Conference of Rectors and Principals of Quebec, fumes: "The rectors are very angry. Until a few years ago the philosophy was that the salvation of this province lay with education."

It is little wonder that universities fear becoming "Barstok in financial and political horse trading" (as the Social Science Federation of Canada puts it) now that Ottawa and the provinces are about to clash over the current system of disbursing the money—Established Programs Financing (EPF). Reimbursement already runs high, while federal payments are swelling, many provinces have been discussing the political credit and using their own contributions. Last year federal cash payment alone accounted for \$1.07 billion—an average 60 per cent of university operating grants. Three provinces—Newfoundland, P.E.I. and New Brunswick—have been receiving more in rebated

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Toronto's crowded library (above); Simon Fraser's Scott with dated equipment



federal cash and tax transfers that they have been passing on to universities. Because OPP payments aren't earmarked, on the publication run, they can be treated as general revenue and spent at provincial discretion. (Before the negotiation of 807 in 1977, provinces risked losing a federal dollar for every dollar they cut.)

Federal policy-makers created the present dilemma. Their own ill-considered formula lathers them in escalating cash payments, and they encouraged the provincial cuts they now deplore by promising under OPP that savings from reduced social spending would belong to the provinces. Now Ottawa wants out. Its ultimate weapon is the threat of cutting payments altogether in 1988 if the provinces don't accept federal conditions on payments by next March; the cabinet threatens to move ahead with cuts of \$1 billion a year. Also likely to be used is an estimated \$800 million in revenue guarantees, which cushion provinces from receiving less money than is a previous year. The huge sums at stake, if passed on to universities, could wipe out half the operating funds of some Atlantic province universities. No province is likely to accept the federal conditions

without a fight and alarm is rising on the country's campuses. John Debert, executive officer of the Canadian Federation of Students, expresses the shared anxiety of academics and students: "We don't want our educational system to become a sacrificial post on the altar of politics."

Far more is at stake than operating budgets. The very character of universities as centres for free inquiry into many fields is under attack. Rumors persist that money cut from OPP payments will be reallocated directly to universities for federal priorities such as manpower training or research and development projects. Although large schools such as McGill and U of T already string in sponsored research and high-demand programs, might swing their levers, smaller institutions such as Mount Saint Vincent, would suffer. Moreover, warns Leslie of Queen's, it would spur "unhealthy competition for research funds at the expense of teaching." The vision issues of a technological fortress where literature, history and political studies are neglected, supplants.

This worries Northrop Frye, renowned literary critic and professor of English at the U of T since 1959. Few students have looked jobs through his popular lectures on the impact of the Bible on literature, but thousands have contemplated the sweep of Western civilization from Adam onward. And that, believes Frye, is as it should be. "The university must keep on doing what it has always done," he insists. "A university is a greenhouse of intellect and imagination and of civilization. It should not be a professional training ground or a centre of technology—this will distort its whole purpose. To damage the university is to damage the future of this country."

With files from John Barber, Ben Callahan, Peter Gough-Gordon, Michael Chapiro, Dale Ender, David Fisher, Kathleen Keenan, Jay Callaghan, Raul and David Woods.

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## The preschoolers' disease

**I**t should have been a blindingly simple case. At age 4, Bruce Inglis of Liverpool, N.S., showed unusual intellectual promise and a keen interest in learning to read. But when he began school a year later, printing and reading came agonizingly slowly. The problem was diagnosed only by chance dur-

ing a routine eye examination—Bruce was nearly blind in one eye. Now 12, Bruce reads voraciously with the help of special treatment and glasses. But his family is still puzzled that such a major problem could go undetected for so long. That is the misleading nature of amblyopia, or "lazy eye," which causes a



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blurring or obstruction in one eye and affects four to 10 every 100 children. Caused by poor alignment or a weakness in focusing, the impairment effectively stops the development of the affected eye, since the brain compensates by relying solely on the good eye. To make matters worse, it takes root during the years when eye checkups for children are not the norm—between 18 months and school age. It's this "invisible" gap in health care, according to Gloria M. Isabelle of Fredericton, N.S., that provides a strong foothold for disorders that could be easily corrected if caught early. Isabelle, a 27-year-old optometrist, is publicizing amblyopia as only one of several disorders neglected in preschoolers.

The heart of the problem is that children don't suspect vision is the cause of their clumsiness and slow learning, even though the compensating eye may be inadequate in providing clear sight. Undiagnosed amblyopia can lead to permanent eye damage. "Age 8 is not too late to try and get some of the vision back, but past 16, pretty well forget it," says Isabelle. If caught early, however, treatment such as surgery, patching one eye or wearing corrective glasses is possible.

"What's needed," says Isabelle, "is a comprehensive eye test at age 5% to test all the faculties a kid needs to operate in the school system." Provincial governments have traditionally left the matter to public health services. Isabelle is not only pressing for government involvement but has also proposed that every broadcast national eye test, similar to their drug tests. While most provinces, including Nova Scotia itself, have shown only limited interest, P.E.I. has recently instituted programs of province-wide eye and ear tests for preschool children, and New Brunswick is conducting an experimental eye program using optometrists as well as nurses. "I don't know why other areas of the country have been so slow," says Brenda Robertson, New Brunswick's minister of health. But these areas haven't seen the light of Gloria Isabelle. —MELISSA CHAZZARINI



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# Produce from the Arctic

It is not uncommon for Marie Anguti to walk into the Koomat Co-op, the locally store in the tiny Arctic settlement of Foul Bay, to find that all the produce is sold out. Even when the store is stocked, she can barely afford oranges at \$2.35 a pound or bananas at \$3.95. "When you have three children to

feed, you get frustrated," she says. As recently as the early '50s, the Inuit, a hunter-gatherer tribe, enjoyed a well-balanced diet. But during the decade they began to switch to store-bought goods, and consequently may have suffered nutritional deficiencies. Now a research team from the Univer-



Sisat: cultivating indigenous crops

sity of Toronto's Strickland College is studying ways to supplement native nutrition by testing potentially edible and palatable tundra wild plants for their ability to yield crops in an Arctic environment.

Because the northern climate is so severe, and the growing season only two months long, farming north of 60° latitude has not been possible. Yet the tundra supports an amazing range of berries, roots, herbs and foods, many of them edible. University of Toronto botanists Raymond Cuneane and Joef Seybold have already identified 30 such species with the help of local Inuit. "We're working with a sweet apple-like plant the Inuit call sisat, an edible root called oong and the Eskimo potato, which was once known to the early explorers," says Cuneane.

The testing is being carried out at the Arctic research and training centre in Rankin Inlet on the coast of Hudson Bay. The small community has 150 km north of the tree line on more than 300 acres of permafrost. "We're trying to extend the growing season through the use of low-cost greenhouses, which keep out the wind," says Cuneane.

During their seasonal migrations in pursuit of caribou, the Inuit used to gather wild plants and even consume them in pre-digested form from the stomachs of hunted animals. But when the native people moved into settlements and entered the wage economy, they became increasingly dependent on imported food in local stores. The nutritional effects were disastrous. "We have seen an increase in obesity, diabetes, heart disease and dental problems where they never existed before," reports Mable Wong, a nutritionist at the Rankin Telehealth hospital.

The team hopes to complete its research in two years, and the plants that show the greatest yields and best nutritional value will undergo marketability studies. Koomat Co-op's manager, Jack Charlie, is optimistic. "People know this food. If some way is found to preserve it, I personally think they will jump for it."

—ANNA PROCKNOW

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**If you won't  
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For the purveyors of "smokeless tobacco" the lure is five per cent annual increase in sales permits to a growth industry. George Patrick, vice-president of National Tobacco Co. Ltd. in Montreal, says, "The Lid is the giant that is taking the market by storm." The company's vice president and marketing leader, observes, "It used to be mainly older people who chewed, but now we're seeing a lot of younger users." While the company has no plans to direct advertising at its new customers, American companies such as the U.S. Tobacco Co. are off and running with an advertisement campaign. The Lid is being sold in the U.S. by Sports Illustrated, Penguin and Rolling Stone, among other publications, have offered responses from 100,000 people. Much to television ads portray stars such as country singer Charlie Daniels and Houston Oilers running back Earl Campbell snorting. Such dipping was

Strong advertising the product is not sufficient since morphine chewers must be educated on the abuse. "You're really talking about three different products," says Patrick, "loose leaf, plug tobacco, and dipping snuff [are other varieties]." Proper chewing, says Gottlieb, is a "mouthful of tobacco held in place by the tongue." "When I've finished I spit it into a small piece of Kleenex." At La Maison Duif, a swank Toronto tobacconist where the premium loose-leaf snuff sells for \$2 to \$4 per 50 grams and where regular customers (such as baseball players) stand cheek by jowl with curvy Yorkville shoppers, manager Elaine Sager offers contrary advice: "The first thing I tell [the novice] is not to hold it in his mouth and not to spit it out. It's meant to be swallowed."

Special constraints may be all that's containing the relatively inexpensive habit. One convert, a Toronto law student who chewed on a summer construction job, admits he had to give up his habit. "I don't think it would go over too well in a classroom."

—ANA PARTNER

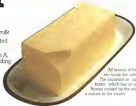
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- Add vitamins A and D.
- Add flavour and colour to imitate butter.
- Add water, skim milk or whey solids and salt (There is, of course, no salt in unsalted margarine).
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# Transcending the snigger

BEING DIFFERENT  
Directed by Harry Rankin

**A** coarse, discordant note at the beginning of *Being Different* raises strong apprehensions. The camera follows a man's legs lumbering up a shadowy staircase, while the soundtrack is loud with his labored wheezes. He approaches a door, flings it open to where a woman waits, and his grotesque profile swings toward the audience. Are we in for an update of Tod Browning's notorious 1928 chiller, *Freaky*? Being Different, Harry Rankin's look at how the extremely deformed cope with the world, threatens, in these first shots, to be a voyeuristic exploitation piece. Fortunately, the film swiftly recovers from its opening stumble to become a thoroughly absorbing, admirable documentary.

The man whom we first see, an up-right and amiable Missouri grandfather, is one of the rare victims of neurofibromatosis, "the Elephant Man's disease." Bulbous protuberances mostly adorn half of what would otherwise be a handsome visage. From Missouri, the



Twins, locked in an unwilling embrace

film travels down to Florida, where the street strays wander, fawning on a chatty bunch of trouper who wear in sidebrows a bearded lady, midgets (who like to be called "little people") and a 20-year-old man who weighs 720 pounds.

But more disquieting sights appear: Siamese twins are joined at the groin, live a couple locked forever in an unwilling embrace. Now 30, they answer with startling spontaneity, as if at one, and we learn that, as children, one used to blackmail the other's eyes. An order of nature is presented which is almost impossible to grasp. A fresh-faced 20-year-old Kentucky man, employed as a mechanic and married to a cerebral palsy sufferer, walks on his hands because his torso ends just beneath his waist. He and his wife go out dancing. A woman born amputee cuts her son's hair, the editors held deftly in her toes. She also paints, has been married three times and has a son to become a Playboy bunny.

Rarely do these people permit themselves more than the most fleeting traces of self-pity, possibly because the unwanted sympathy they encounter daily has provoked defiance. Or perhaps, having dealt from birth (in most cases) with a handicap that most people would find catastrophic, such forcing of their energy and erosive has trans-



Side-show show: faced with finger bats

lated them from the irritations that try other mortals. Significantly, most of the subjects live in small towns or rural areas where they have been known and accepted from childhood, or they travel in colonies of sympathetic peers. Still, one man whose legs were severed on railway tracks seems to thrive in Buffalo and frequents Coney's Bay because "that's where the action is."

Admittedly, the fascination with *Being Different* must draw, to some extent, an unhealthy curiosity. But Rankin lets his subjects have their say and gives them their due. His fine instincts overshadow any tendency to snigger, and when the audience laughs, it is reluctantly with those people who were born different. —BRIAN MACVICKAR

## God save us from bored rock stars

MCVICAL  
Directed by Tom Clegg

**P**roduced in association with The Who Films Ltd and starring the group's darling, Roger Daltrey, *McVicar* is a truly somnolent affair. It traces the imprisonment, escape and recapture of John McVicar, an English punk (in the old sense of the word) who, if we're to believe the movie, hasn't a stitch of humanity to call his own. He treats other people like dirt and we are asked to root for his full-mouthed insouciance; the movie, inevitably,

makes him out to be a hero simply because he's a rebel.

Save the real John McVicar had a hand in the alleged kidnapping, there is actually every reason to believe the movie's portrayal of the man as a lost. Why, one might ask, did the movie ever get made? Obviously as a star vehicle for Daltrey—and God preserve us from bored rock stars. Daltrey gives *McVicar* a new meaning, appearing in virtually every frame, naked from the waist up almost every time. Apart from the standard capo-and-robbies stuff, the only drama managed in the movie is when Daltrey forms a little alliance with his keep and then allows it to collapse.

An example of the Disney sensibility operating here is found in a foreword which announces that the movie is based on "true fact"—which is much more reliable than false fact.

An afterword to the film states that when McVicar was finally released from prison, he got a degree, became a journalist and wrote his autobiography. One hopes few will be foolish enough to be fooled by this nasty double episode of navel-gazing. —LAWRENCE O'TOOLE



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# Witness to a giant step

A major Riopelle retrospective opens in Paris

"There is no evolution," Jean-Paul Riopelle likes to say of his 48-year career. "An artist only makes one step in life." But it has taken the first major international retrospective of his work, which opened at Paris' prestigious Centre Georges Pompidou last month, to measure just how dynamic and richly expansive his own stride has been. From the first explosive post-war stirrings of Quebec nationalism he has been transported to the front ranks of world recognition, where he remains today, at 58, one of the last living abstract expressionists.

(a label he categorically rejects).

The 58 canvases, which will travel to the Musée du Québec next month and to Mexico's Museum of Modern Art, Venezuela's Contemporary Art Museum and Montreal's Musée d'Art Contemporain by next summer, trace a trajectory from 1946 to 1977. From the dense volcanic eruptions of color dating from his rebellious student days with Quebec's *révolutionnaires*, led by his extreme teacher Paul-Émile Borduas, we follow to the stark, shimmering, tension of his uncharacteristic black and white iceberg series which shaded

Paris more than two years ago.

If there is any criticism to register of the show, it is both long overdue and too sparsely a backward glance that is less a true retrospective than a kind of Great Moments. Missing are not only his cleverly naive bronzes and constructions, ceramics and engravings, but great bits out of his career, including the *Arctide* series inspired by Eskimo winter games, his whorled (bow) period and his recent work. This omission, fully confessed by the Pompidou's director, Dominique Boiss, is his introduction to the catalogue, can be blamed both on the center's limited contemporary gallery quarters and on the exhibit's redundancy. That Paris' Museum of Modern Art got into the act to launch the tour and foot part of the bill is hardly inappropriate, considering Riopelle has made France his home virtually ever since he first arrived on a bare-bought in 1946.

His first French retrospective, the exhibit is also the first summation of his career since a 1967 Musée du Québec tribute—a high water mark from which Riopelle has retired dramatically in style and emphasis. The show offers a rare opportunity to chart his forays, from the tense, almost violent outbursts of exuberant pigment which crum the canvas to overflowing in 1952 works such as *Quatre Chaises Claires*, to the gradually lower and more kindly abandoned knife sweeps of his monumental diptychs and triptychs of the past two decades. Riopelle's palette lightens as after a thousandth, figurative forms are lifted off. It is a voyage that even suggests some sort of homeward as the black sweeps of his recent ink-on-color and iceberg series evoke the earliest black-painted studies.

If there is one constant, it is the artist's sense of the land, which has provoked French critics to wax lyrical about his *Canadaisme*. Far above all, Riopelle requires a master of landscape—a painter of nature whose subjects are not abstracted from reality but born of a vivid visceral urgency. Parting in great rashes of intuitive brush, striking canvas right and day when the force is with him, he has forged the essential link between Dürer's reduction of the mountains of Provence to children's building blocks and the ultimate distillation of a horizon by the abstractists.

"Riopelle succeeds in capturing the light of the realist image," wrote Pierre Schneider in the new weekly *L'Express*, saluting him as a voice whose resonance goes far beyond his stature as the first Canadian painter ever to garner international acclaim. As Schneider put it, "He made painting say things that it had never said before."

—MARC McDONALD

Untitled, "Cap au nord" (bottom), painting says things it has never said before



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# Holding up a mirror to the face of history

THE GOOD FIGHT: POLITICAL MEMOIRS 1899-1908

by David Lewis  
(Macmillan of Canada, \$24.95)

Political memoirs to some extent create the historical reputation of their authors, yet modern Canadian politicians have not as the whole been good at transcribing themselves for posterity. The Diefenbaker autobiography was as shrew in its denunciations of the Chief's multitudinous enemies it made the reader automatically sympathetic with "Owen". Pearson's memoirs were humorous and self-deprecating enough to allow us almost to forget the great ambition that characterized Mike. Neither Judy LaMarsh's nor Walter Gordon's captured much of its author. While Jack Harner's were lively enough to create a reputation where little had existed before, only Dalton Camp's witty and acerbic reflections enabled good writing with an understanding of history.



Lewis, earnest, self-righteous, blunt

David Lewis' posthumous volume, however, merely confirms the public's existing opinion of the man. Like Lewis himself, this very long account of his life is earnest, self-righteous and blunt. Nevertheless, there is more meat in these memoirs than in the entire three volumes of Diefenbaker or Pearson. This wealth of good, hard information almost amounts to a history of the Confederation. Commonwealth Federation and an account of the role of labor in politics in Canada from 1895 to 1908. Transcending any self-serving regard for his own reputation, David Lewis gives us history.

Even more, he gives us researched history. Many politicians have tried to ghost their chapters, but Lewis was probably the first to search other politicians' papers for evidence to bolster his own case. The result is a book that takes some solid and well-documented points in opposition. One such victim is George Brown. In 1904, the Ontario premier testified before a royal commission investigating allegations made by E.B. Jaffette, the Ontario CCF leader, that a political "Gestapo" had spied on the CCF and its leaders in the presence of the intervention of the government. Lewis drew his knowledge of this and claimed on the stand to have secretly known Gladstone Murray, the leader of one of the "free

from Sydney to Victoria. The great cost of such dedication to himself and his family emerges clearly from the book's pages. As a most able lawyer, Lewis could have made a hefty sum each year. Instead, as a CCF activist he worked for pennies, it took him years to escape the debts he incurred in his early years when his every effort was devoted to the cause.

David Lewis lived for his ideals and fought the good fight every day with all the considerable force and skill he could muster. Still, his book is very long, and only a dedicated reader will press on through the leading prose and the re-creating of endless interminable party struggles. No one, except the publisher, will describe the book as "warm." Historians, however, will cherish the book and because the fact that David Lewis' death earlier this year deprived the country of a concluding volume and a great, good man. —J.L. GRANTSTEIN

## Home is where complacency is

HOME TRUTHS  
by Morris Goulet  
(Macmillan of Canada, \$24.95)

This book has an uncommon beauty, it will probably be the finest collection of stories published this year in Canada, or anywhere else. It also has an uncommon poignancy. Morris Goulet left Montreal more than 30 years ago, and *Home Truths* bears repeated witness to the efforts made by this solitary, distant writer to come to terms with his own past and his own country. "I often have the feeling with Canadians readers that I am on trial," he remarks in the introduction, "and I wonder if there is not still somewhere a distrust of imagination." Maybe so, but it's more likely that the distrust is some remote corner from his choice of residence (Paris) and his choice of publication (*The New Yorker*), as though a respectable writer had deserted that quivering ship, Canada.

A few of these histories are reprinted from earlier collections. Most of them, however, have never before appeared in book form, including the synopsis of an evening about Lillian Marx, a girl with a powerful resemblance to the young Morris Goulet. These tales are, among other things, an evocation of Montreal in the days when Quebec nationalism was all but limited to the Roman Catholic Church, and when no "normal" anglophone would dream of leaving French. The city is generous and secure, yet alive with tension below its graceful surface. It almost becomes a character in the eyes of this

# Before the Bath

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*Aside from the Loner's Mur sequence, Howe's Travels contains no tales set in various parts of Canada and four long stories about the Canadiana about which the author has written. They turn up throughout the fiction, as well as in the introduction. Gulliver does not hold a grudge against her nationality, but she is not a Canadian. She is a French girl of her adolescence in New York and much of her adulthood in France, she has needed to define an identity and to ponder habits of mind which result in an identity. She is not a Canadian, but she is in that to be Canadian is mostly of "respectable"—absolutely worthy of respect. Yet one remembers Loner's restrictions on returning from the cloister to the world, and the great, the great, the great Montreal. People who do not display what they feel have practical advantages. They can go away to be killed as if they didn't mind, they can see their friends, they can be killed. They are not afraid of war until for a moment.*

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**— We thought —  
you should know.**

THE MINERAL ASSOCIATION OF CANADA

that several memorable stories have been centered from *Homo Trochus*. A fairly good terebat, Gallant is virtuously quipped at the art of short fiction where her true peer is the great Russian writer Anton Chekhov. They share an ability to press a lifetime into a few resonant pages as well as a desire to show the dark side of reality and the house that hark behind despair. Most of all, they share the capacity to make sympathy as objective, unassessable attitude. Gallant can write with curiosity and perceptiveness about the kind of people who would never read a word of

her work—a rarer achievement than it might sound. She is famous for not forgetting and not forgetting, her understanding is usually focused on women and men who have grown complacent, never reflecting on their experience, no longer caring about their world. With such people she is merciless, yet with others, especially children tormented by neglect, she is patient and even kind. In the end, perhaps, understanding can be a means of forgiveness. One hopes so, because Morris Gallant understands as terribly well.

—MARK ARLEY



Christy: the artist as a young punk

## Flashing that old shoeshine voodoo

STREETHEARTS

by Jim Christy  
(Simon & Schuster, \$14.95)

Jen Christy's first novel is set in south Philadelphia's Italian ghetto during the '50s, a crooked terrace of red-brick tenements and cement playgrounds. *Streethearts* is a portrait of the artist as a young punk, an inner-city Husk Finn named Gene Costantino who falls from naive curiosity at the age of 4 to a platoon of sexual and political casters by the age of 12. A perfectly well-adjusted juvenile delinquent, he enjoys the kind of childhood that has been mythologized by *Slackers*, *The New and Neave Springsteen*, a life successful to suburban folk with grass around their homes and "houses for their cars."

Gene grows up on the cusp of Old World traditions and American restlessness. His father is a ward healer living in the shadow of the Mafia, and Gene gets accustomed to seeing very corpses at funerals attended by professional mourners who wear rented suits and drive stolen cars. He is cool enough to have black friends, tough enough to run a numbers game and potencies racist at school, and lucky enough to escape unscathed from frequent run-ins. Playing hooky with increasing regularity, he eventually sets himself up as a shoeshine boy in a baroque parlor. In the strappers' dressing room, he is initiated into the secrets of the flesh.

Christy writes with acute immediacy: he does for poverty what Henry Miller

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# Let's Communicate

The Handicapped Association of Niagara District communicated with their cable company, and now are producing their own community programs.



PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFFREY DODD

On Maclean Hunter Cable TV in St. Catharines, Ontario, this group has succeeded in producing programs dealing with various aspects of community life affecting the handicapped - legislation, building codes, housing, transportation, and the labour market. They have set out to prove that as far as television production is concerned, the term "handicapped" need not apply.

The Canadian Cable Television Association and its members, in this, the International Year of the Disabled, are responding to help the handicapped communicate with their communities.



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did for middle age. A Toronto writer raised in Philadelphia, he pours his street wisdom in the rich codes of childhood. A vista of roofs and awnings becomes "a green Adriatic with the sun glimmering off the awells of glistening tin." The telephone poles leaned this way and that like hapless cardinals on a birthday cake.

There's nothing new about lyrical ghetto writing, but Streethearts has freshness and humor. His tone is one of pure reminiscence, the sparse narrative is a string of anecdotes and the dialogue is written in an accent that sounds like Jake LaMotta wearing a mouth guard. But by steering clear of the sticky side of nostalgia, Christy never gets lost in a blur of impressionism. His prose has a photographic clarity that can only come from an intimate knowledge of his subject, whether collecting baseball cards or watching a "colored cat" shining shoes. "He would shake the toe, elevate the rug on each, snap it in the air like a drummer twirling a stick, and come back right on the beat."

Like this "voodoo" voodoo," Christy's craft has confidence and economy; he does not seem capable of writing a clumsy sentence. Streethearts is an appropriately modest first novel—episodic rather than epic—yet it ends with a twist that leaves the reader yearning for a sequel that would follow Gene Cantellano (or some version of him) out of puberty into an even more valuable adolescence.

—BRIAN D. JOHNSON

## A legend in his own plane

### THE FLYING BANDIT

by Heather Robertson  
(James Lorimer & Company, \$19.95)

Ken Leishman pulled off his first bank job in 1937. He took a Trans-Canada Air Lines flight from Winnipeg to Toronto and flew home with \$16,000. Twenty-one years, one spectacular gold brick and two astonishing jailbreaks later, the Flying Bandit's plane disappeared less than 50 km northwest of Thunder Bay. By then Leishman had, apparently, gone straight; he had been elected president of the Chamber of Commerce of Red Lake (the small mining town that had produced the gold bricks he hijacked in 1966) and was enjoying a quiet, respectable life. His body was never found in the plane's wreckage. Although authorities insist that it was devoured by wolves, there are still people who believe the mysterious and amiable Ken Leishman pulled off one last baffling vanishing act. One of the bricks of gold

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bully've been the 1966 robbery has never been recovered.

Heather Robertson's *The Flying Bessie* tells the story of Ken Lukeman in the same kind of stark, rapid-fire prose that Norman Mailer employed in *The Executioner's Song*. The companion, however, is an unfortunate case for Robertson. Both a masterful novelist and journalist, Mailer used unrelenting patience of speech to ensure an intense psychological portrait of Gary Gilmore. An accomplished journalist, Robertson allows her sometimes exuding, sometimes meekish grace to skim only the surface of her subject. The story is an interesting, even fascinating one, but it draws its energy and vigor from Robertson's research and Lukeman's puzzling life—not from the way it is told.

While it is difficult to stop reading *The Flying Bessie*, it is strangely unsatisfying. The advice columnist of Ken Lukeman does, in fact, emerge from the events Robertson describes, but her descriptions read more like the outline of a movie script than a carefully written novel. Its conclusion, for instance, must be one of the worst ever penned: "In the moments of Charles who knew him, loved him, raped at him, chased him, guarded him, helped him, defended him, and authorized him, in the folklore of Canada, the Flying Bessie will live forever." *The Flying Bessie* is the sort of book that's good to read on airplanes, and Winnipeg to Toronto would be as long a trip as any reader would need.

—DAVID MACPAILANE

### MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

- Fiction**
1. *Noble House*, Grenell (2)
  2. *Calo, Ryan* (2)
  3. *The Naked New Hampshire*, Irving (2)
  4. *Dooley*, Egan, Atwood (2)
  5. *The Third Deadly Sin*, Sanders (2)
  6. *Beard Upon the Waters*, Shaw (2)
  7. *God Emperor of Dune*, Herbert (2)
  8. *Gorky Park*, Smith (2)
  9. *Indecent Obsession*, McCullough
  10. *The White Hotel*, Thomas

- Nonfiction**
1. *Flamingo Across the Border*, Davies (2)
  2. *The Lord God Made Them All*, Hersey (2)
  3. *Invitation to a Royal Wedding*, Spink (2)
  4. *The Beverly Hills Diet*, Mead (2)
  5. *The Art of Robert Balthus*, Davy (2)
  6. *The Eagle's Gift*, Cameroun (2)
  7. *Corvus*, Squire (2)
  8. *The Day Report on Male Sexuality*, Malt (2)
  9. *Terry Fox: His Story*, Stevenson (2)
  10. *The Secret Life of the Unknown Child*, Vervay

(2) Figures last week

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### MUSIC

## Homecoming for a servant of the Grail

Last summer, an intense, awarded young conductor with the aspect of a leek and avowed monk stood triumphant at the helm of the Symphony and Philharmonic Orchestras of Budapest. Árpád Jók, 35 years old and currently principal conductor and music director of the Calgary Philharmonic Orchestra, had returned in style to his native Hungary a mere 12 years after his defection to the West. The occasion was an extraordinary recording venture, during a grueling three-week schedule, Jók (pronounced Yo) hammered out five records, which were released a month ago, containing nine works by the greatest of Hungarian composers, Béla Bartók.

The project originated not with a bureaucratic committee in Budapest but with a highly successful Calgary businessman, Joseph Seif. The Hungarian, exiled from the Class of '36 heads the Seif Group, comprising a worldwide geographical corporation, a real estate company operating in Calgary and a fledgling but innovative restaurant firm. Seif decided to throw an enormous party for Bartók and asked Jók to dream up the ideal conditions: "Hungarian musicians," replied Jók, "soundstages, digital equipment from Salt Lake City and recording engineers from Britain." Seif agreed, in spite of the \$250,000 cost—which was greatly in excess of what established record companies would shell out for Bartók, who is often wrongly seen as a severe intellectual member of 20th-century music. But Seif fully expects to recoup his investment in the long run.

Seif gave the Hungarian good reason to allow defector Jók to re-enter Hungary: "They were offered worldwide exposure for their orchestra and for Bartók in his centenary year," says Jók. "They were offered a sample (review of the most sophisticated digital equipment from the West. And, let's be honest, there was the lure of all that hard Western currency."

The striking technical standards are high. The records also provide a fresh historical perspective, since three of these feature relatively unknown but highly attractive solos and tone poems written by Bartók between 1903 and



Jók, blasephatous readings of Bartók on his centenary

1912. This is music written between the cracks of two eras, sometimes uncomfortably transitional but always vital and lifed. Often melancholy, and indeed in the curious *Four Pieces for Orchestra* (Op. 12) quite farlorn, it is just as often direct-inspired, particularly in the furthest, jagged scherzos. There is a virtual *canon* in the *Solo No. 1* (Op. 31) which will astonish those who dismiss Bartók's music as baroque, dreamy and highbrow.

Jók's conducting is idiosyncratic, refreshing and purposeful. There's not always enough fluidity, warmth or suspense, however, and some slower movements risk dullness. But the performance as a whole are excellent, with many recording successes: a radiant reading of the first of *Two Pieces* (Op. 6), a sterling *Solo No. 2*, splendid logic and drive in the outer movements of the *Concerto for Orchestra* and the finale of the *Two Movements* (Op. 15), blaring, searing, ecstatic of the early tub-thumping *Rhapsody* and the mature, exhilarating *Dance Suite*.

There has been similar success in Calgary. During his four-year conductorship, Jók has improved the orchestra immeasurably, considerably expanding its repertoire and turning a no-figure deficit into a modest profit. The turnaround is also substantial for Jók himself, who arrived in New York in 1968 with no relatives to greet him, minimal English and only \$2.50 in his pocket. The salvation was a scholarship to the Juillard School of Music which led to a teaching post at Indiana University and a stint as conductor and music director of the Knoxville (Tenn.) Symphony Orchestra before his appointment in Calgary in 1977.

His defection left him with the self-image of Parsifal, the wanderer who leaves his mother and becomes the servant of the Holy Grail. Jók's own mother did not forgive him for seven years; his father died and he never saw him again. The spiritual analogy is no accident. As well as being drawn to spiritual composers such as Mahler and Brahms, Jók is a vegetarian, a student of the Neoplatonists and an admirer of Buddhist religious

great contents. By 1983 he feels he will have taken the Calgary orchestra as far as he can. Anxious to avoid charges of complacency or mediocrity, he will then seek to break new ground. The vision now involves major orchestral and opera houses. "A conductor without opera," he says, "is like a cavalryman without a horse"; his present energies are best toward his return next month to Budapest, where he will direct Wagner's *Die Walküre* in the State Opera House. The alternative route is withdrawal into the recording studio. Years ago Jók found Glenn Gould's obsessive search for studio perfection incomprehensible, now he is much more sympathetic and would love to enlist Gould into joint recordings. Another ambition is to record all the Bartókian symphonies with a small 19th-century-style orchestra instead of the full contemporary juggernaut. Such undertakings are in "progress," so he must move quickly. What is at stake is that Jók will continue to take risks in his music making. Wherever he moves, it will not be into obscurity.

—JOHN PEARCE

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# Phantom of delight in a bog

By Allan Fotheringham

The greatest thing Newfoundland has ever done for Ottawa (the opposite is inaccurate) is to ship it Tom Farney. The crusty little man with the frizzy pen cuts through all the perils of the town like a destroyer making through fudge. At 77, he is still the most famous letter-to-the-editor artist in the country, flying columns who sting from logic and challenging ponderous editorial writers. Born in Grand Bank, he was a Rhodes Scholar, helped draft the *Egmont Manifesto*, taught at McGill, Carleton and the University of Waterloo and is the self-appointed expert on the Canadian constitution. Forced out of the Senate two years ago at the mandatory retirement age (while intellectual infirmities cannot be, he is still an active figure in Ottawa streets and watches the Commons most every day from a corner seat in the Senate's gallery.

Farney should be given a medal, far he is the only man to find something poetic in the most boring subject of the year: the Supreme Court decision on the constitution, where the good judges managed to say maybe yes and, then again, maybe no. Asked to analyse the decision by the Government of Canada, Farney came up with one of his typical terse but witty papers. People who get their letters to the editor printed love to be short and quick. More miraculously, Farney placed poetic imagery out of the weighty legal judgments. He doesn't think much of the Supreme Court finding that Mr. Trudeau is violating the constitution by the country by trying to ignore the wishes of the backing of all the provinces. Six of the judges themselves admit the conventions are "political" and should be worked out by politicians. Once people have grasped what the Court's ruling on the constitution really means, he argues, it is self-evident it will surely make sense. It may turn out to be far the right protesting provinces, says Farney, more than "a phantom of delight." A lovely apparition, not to be a moment's ornament. Further, the man

left as by the judges is a "vast Serbanian bog, where armies while might sink."

Now here we're on to something. A town afflicted by the maddening of Eugene Wladimir the verbal sounderings of Allan MacIsaac has no poetry in its soul. It takes a Farney to reveal to us that Wardsworth was interested in the constitution. A little research uncovers the source.

*She was a phantom of delight  
When first she gleamed upon my sight;  
A lovely apparition sent to be  
A moment's ornament.*



*To be a woman's ornament,  
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair,  
Like twilight, too, her dusky hair,  
But all things else about her drawn  
From May-time and the cheerful dawn.*

That indeed is the constitution—a phantom of delight. A cottage industry only three years ago, it is now a multifaceted conglomerate, growing work to reporters, parliamentary committees, television technicians, otherwise obscure back-benchers at Westminster, making well-dressed provincial deputy attorneys-general into national figures, keeping up entire government shrouds while children go to school, mortgages are stretched from widows and stamps have to be bought with a down-payment. A lovely apparition sent to be a decade's ornament.

Now for that vast Serbanian bog. It was old John Milton, as it turned out, who—on his studies on future Canadian constitutional problems—came up with the best description yet of what will

befall politicians so foolish as to venture into constitution-land.

*A gulf profound as that Serbanian bog  
Between Demos and Menoit  
Crossed old,  
Whose armies while have sunk the  
parking air  
Burns free, and cold performs th' effect  
Of fire.*

*Thicker, by harpy-footed Farney led,  
At certain revolutions all of the demed  
Are to be kept, and fed by hares the  
happy change  
Of some extremes, extremes by  
change more fierce.*

There. Is that not Ottawa as you know it? A Serbanian bog where armies while have sunk, vast legions of obsessives disappointed, remnants of idealists who were going to reform the tax system, educate the poor, punish the blessed rich—all gone, invisible. It is a Serbanian bog where the agriculture minister wants to be prime minister, where the minister in charge of acid rain focuses himself as prime minister, where the minister in charge of interest rates covets the job when the minister in charge of railways ships the railways and the minister in charge of housing covets troubled mortgage-holders to live in his basement.

The harpy-footed Farney would like to hale these change before the stars extremes, except that by law they are exempt for four more years and we can't get at them. It is also not helped that the guys opposite are in a bog and a flag all their own. Our problem is that we need Wardsworth and old John Milton with us today, to explore their deep interest in the constitution blues. Irving Layton is still concentrating on sex in print, Mordecai Richler is fighting with his mother and Pierre Berton is liberating us into our past. Nick Jagger must do well. Or Ogden Nash, if he were still with us. Since Bill Weir and Mr. Milton are no longer in the press gallery, perhaps we should sit in Dennis Lee, author of *Alphablet*. Or Ottawa needs a poet laureate. Deserves it.

Allan Fotheringham is a columnist for Southern News.

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